

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 28, 1965

TOWARD AN ARTIFICIAL HEART

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS

SURGEON
MICHAEL
DEBAKEY

HENRY KERNER

VOL. 85 NO. 22
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

**Why does
group insurance
leave home?**

When a company puts
its group insurance program out to bid,
lack of service is usually
the reason. At Connecticut General,
every group client
(big or little)
gets the special kind of service
CG is famous for.

(Just ask one of our 11,000
group clients.)

It's all part of CG's unique
way of handling group business.
Which gives CG business clients
added value for the dollars
they spend.

At CG, we do things
a little differently, because
it's our idea to serve first.
Call a CG agent or broker.
You'll discover we mean what we say.

Connecticut General

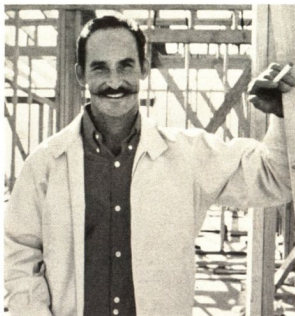


CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HARTFORD. ■ GROUP INSURANCE/PENSION PLANS/HEALTH/ACCIDENT/LIFE

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Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Lloyd Van Vorce heads carpentry at new home sites in California



Henry Silver is a retail druggist in Pennsylvania



Naomi Hatfield writes a fashion column in Minnesota



Chesterfield People get the taste that satisfies. Do you?

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters—try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!



***"Just stopping in to say 'hello'
is a costly way to keep in touch with customers"***

Use Long Distance
to maintain frequent customer contacts

Every good salesman knows how important it is to keep up regular contacts with customers.

By supplementing personal visits with telephone calls, you'll find you can make more of these contacts in less time—and at less cost.

There are other ways Long Distance can help

your business. Let our communications consultant discuss them with you.

Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask him to contact you.



Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

Talk things over, get things done . . . by Long Distance!



Please don't drink the suspension system...

Not good for you: we had to add dye to the alcohol-and-water mix in order to avoid paying a liquor tax on every MG Sports Sedan we import.

Besides, there are greater kicks to be had from our new Hydrolastic® Suspension. Teamed with front wheel drive, it gives our five-passenger economy sedan the handling qualities of an expensive sports car. Permanently sealed-in fluid replaces metal springs and shock absorbers. You corner flat, ride level and

hold firm to the road. Most intoxicating, whether you motor for fun or family.

The Sports Sedan earns its name in other ways, as well. MG's 1100 c.c. twin-carburetor power plant hastens you on your way. The big fade-free disc brakes impose control seldom experienced off the race course. The bucket seats and 4-speed stick shift add to the sport.

And it's all yours at a price usually referred to as laughably low.

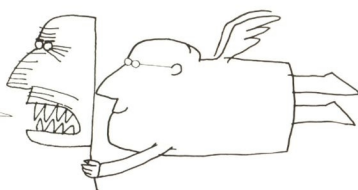
Want a drink? See your favorite bartender.

Want the sporting life in a family car? See your MG dealer.

In either case... cheers.



FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP., HARBOR, INC., DEPT. T 30, 734 GRAND AVENUE, WOOD-
FIELD, NEW JERSEY



They called us **STODGY!**

Some research panel or other filled out a bunch of blanks about us, The St. Paul Insurance Companies. They called us stable (which we knew). They also called us stodgy.

STODGY?

To those folks on that panel:

We aren't either.

How come we're stodgy if we're the people that people come to when they want wild crazy kinds of insurance coverage? How come?

Like the cable down on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, and The St. Paul is helping insure it. Why did the cable people come all the way to the middle of the middle of the U.S. for their insurance? Because we're stodgy? Nope. Because we aren't.

Just try us the next time you need something special that ordinary Insurance Companies won't touch because it hasn't been done before. We'll write a never-before policy any day, if it's a good risk.

For days when you don't feel spectacular, we also sell regular insurance (property, casualty and life).

It may be our own fault, of course, if you think we're stodgy. We've been doing remarkable things for a century or so and never advertised about it 'til lately. So it isn't all on your shoulders.

But still, we wish you hadn't. Called us that, we mean.

We've been called the World's Quietest Insurance Company, too. But our agents and brokers aren't so quiet. Look for them in the Yellow Pages.

THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES



Serving you around the world... around the clock

St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company
St. Paul Mercury Insurance Company
Western Life Insurance Company
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

\$5 PUTS YOU IN THE PILOT'S SEAT

Just see
your
Piper
dealer



Been wondering what it's like to fly? Been thinking it would be pretty nice to have an airplane? Concerned that it might be too complicated?

Well, you can easily answer all these questions by visiting your nearby Piper dealer and taking the Special Introductory Flight Lesson he's offering at the very special low price of just \$5.

In this flight, you'll be in the pilot's seat, you'll do the flying. An expert government-rated flight instructor at your side will show you how easy and simple flying is. Before you land you'll be flying the airplane yourself, making turns, climbs, descents in the wonderfully free three-dimensional expanse of the sky.

You'll take to it so easily because you'll be flying in the Piper Cherokee, the plane with "total handling ease", with modern low wing for better stability, visibility and easiest handling on the ground. Quiet... comfortable, too.

Why not satisfy that urge to fly? Just visit your Piper dealer (he's listed in the Yellow Pages) and tell him you want to take his Special \$5 Introductory Flight Lesson.

Want to Learn to Fly?

HERE ARE SOME HELPFUL HINTS ON HOW TO GO ABOUT IT

Discuss your plans with your Piper dealer. Let him set up a program of learning that best suits your own budget and time available. Here are some thoughts:

1. **LEARN IN A WEEK.** Only 8 to 12 lessons, on the average, are needed to solo. With a couple of lessons a day you can easily be flying alone in a week.
2. **LEARN ON VACATION.** Add real zest and achievement to this year's vacation by mixing flying lessons with other sports. Many resort areas have excellent flight schools. Or learn at home.
3. **LEARN AS YOU TRAVEL.** If business keeps you on the move, rent a plane

from your Piper dealer. Your instructor-pilot will teach you as you travel.

4. **BY THE LESSON.** Just a lesson or two a week will get you off to a flying start.

5. **LEARN FREE** when you buy your own Piper... as little as \$2125 down.

6. **LEARN BEST** in the Piper Cherokee - with modern low wing, wide tread landing gear, "air cushioned" landings, "total handling ease."

NEW!
20-page booklet
in full color
"LET'S FLY!"
Tells all about
the pleasure and fun
of learning.
FREE at your
Piper dealer's
or send today.



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☐ Please send me name of nearest Piper dealer.

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T-5



THE MERCEDES-BENZ 220. PURE AUTOMOTIVE DESIGN—FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

Mercedes-Benz advocates the wide-open door policy.

The most dramatic opening of this or any other season: the big, big doors of the Mercedes-Benz.

Lets the ladies be lady-like, stepping in or stepping out, and you can see (above) how they love it.

The Mercedes wide-open door policy is based on a simple view of automotive design. You start with the passengers—their comfort, safety, the space they'll need.

And then you build the motor-car around these considerations.

From the inside out.

This is design logic. It lets you have graceful entrances, graceful

exits, and graceful interiors. And you may have real wood, real leather combined in the Mercedes-Benz living room for lasting luxury.

You ride a little higher in a Mercedes—in spirit and in fact.

And you ride a lot safer in a Mercedes. You'll appreciate the padded dash and steering wheel; the pliable window handles and the recessed handles on the doors.

This is what design logic leads to: safety, comfort, quiet elegance.

Your own logic will lead you, sooner or later, to step up and into a Mercedes. Maybe sooner.

MERCEDES-BENZ



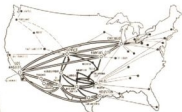
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our coach seats
as wide as
first class**

isn't that big of us?

The President of our airline likes lots of room when he travels. So does his wife. So our coach seats are wider. ■ Our meals have to be pretty special, too. So Lucien Dekeyser, the famous European Chef, outdoes himself. ■ Entertainment? Our Golden Marquee Theater wouldn't dare offer anything but the finest first run films available ... plus a choice of classical or modern stereo music. ■ With all this, a coach seat aboard a Continental Golden Jet would certainly seem to be the biggest bargain going. If you doubt it, ask our President. Or your Travel Agent. Or just anybody at Continental.

**CONTINENTAL
AIRLINES**



"It took just \$740 and two days to air condition our home and garage."



Mr. & Mrs. Donald DeWinter of Kansas City, Kansas added both comfort and living space when they installed General Electric Central Air Conditioning. "Kansas summers are hot and humid," Mr. DeWinter remarks. "Sleeping is uncomfortable, and sometimes the kids can't even play outside. By installing our G-E Central Air Conditioning system in both house and garage, we solved both problems."



"Now, when temperatures get high," says Mrs. DeWinter, "the children can enjoy healthy, active games in our 2-car garage. I notice, too, their appetites are much better in the summer."



"We also used to have trouble with mildew. Especially in this hide-a-bed and on the walls in our basement family room. Since we installed G-E air conditioning, there isn't a trace of it."

If you have forced-air heat—as the DeWinters do—you, too, can enjoy General Electric Central Air Conditioning at a very modest price. Call your G-E dealer for a free survey and installation estimate. Ask him, too, about his easy financing terms. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning Equipment."

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 26

SHINDIG (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.).^{*} The Rolling Stones and a host of other rock 'n' rollers.

Thursday, May 27

PERRY COMO'S KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Live TV entertainment, for a change, from Chicago's McCormick Place. Guest stars Richard Chamberlain, Diahann Carroll and the New Christy Minstrels will be performing at the annual convention of the National Restaurant Association.

Friday, May 28

FDR (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). "Fury in the East," including action in the China-Burma-India theater and the war in the Pacific during 1942.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Comic Jonathan Winters and Actor Robert Morley are guests, along with Singer Robert Goulet.

Saturday, May 29

SECRET AGENT (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). This imported espionage series presents Patrick McGeehan as British agent John Drake, who's no match for the U.S.'s *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* and no kin to his compatriot James Bond. The show, however, is in its first run here, which makes it one of the few new things around.

Sunday, May 30

MARTIN'S LIE (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). The American premiere of the Gian Carlo Menotti opera that was first performed last June in Bristol Cathedral as part of the Bath Festival. This performance was taped by the original cast.

NBC SPORTS IN ACTION (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The Boston Marathon, the U.S.'s oldest and foremost re-creation of the classic race, which attracts not only Olympic contenders but an assortment of aging pavement pounders.

Monday, May 31

WHAT WENT WRONG IN SANTO DOMINGO (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A CBS News Special on the events leading up to the crisis in the Dominican Republic, with appearances by former President Juan Bosch, Rebel Leader Francisco Caamaño Deró and U.S. Special Envoy John Bartlow Martin.

Tuesday, June 1

GRAND CANYON (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Naturalist Joseph Wood Krutch is guide for a mule trip from the rim to the bottom of the canyon and a boat ride down the Colorado River rapids. Color.

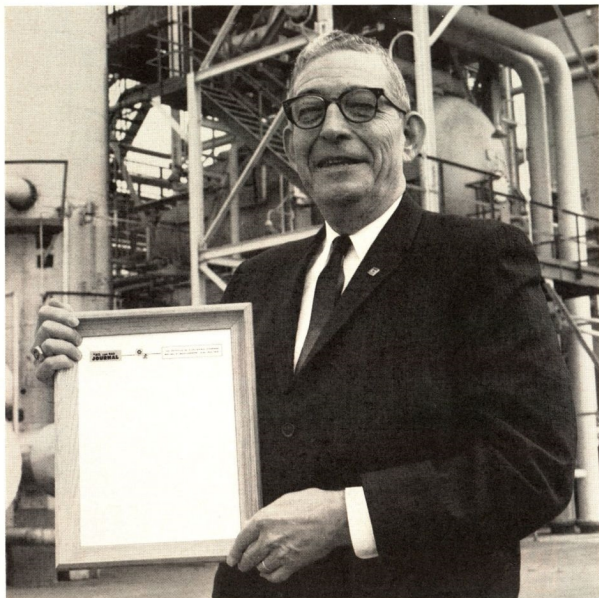
THEATER

On Broadway

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. This revival of the 20-year-old Tennessee Williams play is so much the best drama on Broadway that it is as if a graveyard of mediocrity had abruptly kicked off all its tombstones. The cast, headed by Maureen Stapleton, lacks the distinction of the play, but the

^{*} All times E.D.T.

*Meet a director of circulation
and one of his 879,483 salesmen*



THAT'S Hanson B. Pigman on the right. One of his jobs is to get new readers for *The Oil and Gas Journal*. Year after year, this magazine has more pages than any other business publication.

"Last year Petroleum Publishing Company let me put 879,483 salesmen in the field — all of them letters to prospective subscribers, all of them on Hammermill Bond," says Mr. Pigman. "They bring in new customers for *The Journal* and our other magazines: *Petroleo Interamericano*, *Oil and Gas International*, *Oil and Gas Equipment*."



"We've used this paper as long as I can remember. I like it because our printers like it. I've noticed, too, that Hammermill Bond has splendid opacity. That's important because we sometimes print our promotional letters on both sides."

Does Mr. Pigman's experience suggest a way for you to multiply *your* sales force? Your printer can show you fresh letterhead designs on crisp, businesslike Hammermill Bond, best-known name in paper. Matching envelopes, too. Hammermill Paper Co., 1453 East Lake Road, Erie, Pa. 16512.



If you care about your car
don't accept just any motor oil.
insist on ...



THE
**UNCOMMON
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Better from the ground up!
WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO.
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glow of this American classic bathes all that it touches.

HALF A SIXPENCE. A musical-comedy version of H. G. Wells's *Kipps*, trips the fantastic ever so lightly. Tommy Steele smiles all the while as a cockney lad who blithely gains and loses fortunes.

THE ODD COUPLE. Two men suffering hangovers from marriages on the rocks try living together and not liking it. The result is inebriating hilarity.

LUV. Three super-self-aware characters, dizzy from watching the way their little worlds turn, are given a satiric whirl by Playwright Murray Schisgal. Alan Arkin, Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach are the comic dervishes.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. A righteous busybody (Alan Alda) causes a neighboring prostitute (Diana Sands) to be evicted from her place. She puts him in his—to his dismay and the audience's delight.

Off Broadway

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER, REVISITED. The sly humors of a talented cast delightfully enhance the sophisticated wit and verve of lesser-known Porter tunes.

JUDITH. Jean Giraudoux has fashioned a modern parable on the motivations of heroism and piety from the apocryphal story of the Jewess who glorified herself and saved her nation by destroying a pagan conqueror. Rosemary Harris' interpretation of Judith embraces all the facets of a complex and beguiling woman.

RECORDS

Jazz and Blues

JOHN COLTRANE, A LOVE SUPREME (Impulse). This is a free-form hymn of praise to God, written by the avant-garde jazz tenor saxophonist, who explains his "spiritual awakening" and dedication in the record jacket notes. The opening movement is a strong-voiced *Acknowledgement*, but *Resolution* sounds more like *Irresolution* and *Pursuance* is a wild and ragged chase, ending in *Psalm*, a powerful, brooding declaration of faith. Coltrane's sax is backed by piano, drums and bass.

ELLA AT JUAN-LES-PINS (Verve). Recorded last summer at the outdoor jazz festival on the Côte d'Azur, this is one of Ella Fitzgerald's best albums, combining a happy, natural swing with artfulness. Songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter, and Rodgers and Hart become trellises for her looping embellishments and floating improvisations, but the melodies are never obscured, and her voice changes color and size to match the lyrics.

JIVAI VAUGHAN (Mercury). That successful *Girl from Ipanema* loosed a flood of south-of-the-border albums in Latin both sultry and snappy. Sarah Vaughan goes snappy for most of these songs like *Fascinating Rhythm*, *Fever* and *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Frank Foster's band is big with trombones, violins and percussion, but Sarah exuberantly tops it.

THE REAL EARL HINES (Focus). It was Earl "Fatha" Hines who established the solo piano on the jazz bandstand, but until last spring he had never given a piano recital. While the recording of the occasion has a mushy sound, the playing itself is mesmerizing with its strutting choruses, feathered runs and airborne arpeggios. Hines plays *Tea for Two* like sixty, invents a dozen ways of saying *I Ain't Got*



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a meeting room, too—

this one little card

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takes care of itself—and you!

Considered by many to be the world's finest and safest tire—that's the new Dual 90. With the flexible armor of steel-strong Nygen cord, this superb tire is unsurpassed for protection against the blowout ravages of heat, jagged rocks, bruising broken pavement. What's more, the Dual 90 seals

punctures instantly while you keep right on driving. New Continental design and fantastically long-wearing new Duragen rubber give the smoothest, surest, most comfortable ride. Incredible? There's no other tire like it. Seeing is believing—at your General Tire Specialist's!



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Nobody, and bumps out a slow but tantalizing St. Louis Blues.

EARL HINES: THE GRAND TERRACE BAND (RCA Victor). The King of Piano in his Chicago big band days. Besides the swift and brilliantly trumpeting piano of 1939-40 (in *Piano Man*, *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues* and his radio theme song, *Deep Forest*), there is plenty of swinging band work by Tenor Saxophonist Budd Johnson and Hines's other colleagues.

RAY CHARLES: LIVE IN CONCERT (ABC-Paramount). This genius of rhythm and blues obviously had a good night at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium with his band, his piano and his Ralets. That hoarse but extraordinarily agile voice lassoes every nuance in sight as he crows *I Gotta Woman*, pleads *Don't Set Me Free* and whispers *Makin' Whoopee*.

CINEMA

CAT BALLOU. This waggish western spurs heroics and drums up unbridled hilarity when Jane Fonda, as a school-marm turned outlaw queen, gets mixed up with a couple of no-good gunfighters—both speeded to perfection by Lee Marvin in a dual role.

THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE. Rex Harrison and Jeanne Moreau, Alain Delon and Shirley MacLaine, Omar Sharif and Ingrid Bergman, pair up and climb in and out of a 1930-model Phantom II, lending elegance and star power to an episodic movie about roadside amour.

NOBODY WAIVED GOODBYE. Two troubled teen-agers (Peter Kastner and Julie Biggs) suffer growing pains in Toronto, and Canadian Writer-Director Don Owen studies their plight with such assurance that the problem play becomes a poem.

IL SUCCESSO. As an ambitious young executive who sheds wife, friends and integrity en route from the bottom of the barrel to the top of the heap, Vittorio Gassman demonstrates how to succeed Italian-style.

IN HARM'S WAY. Director Otto Preminger remembers Pearl Harbor just long enough to launch John Wayne, Patricia Neal and other heroic types into several exciting tales of World War II.

A BOY TEN FEET TALL. A rough-cut diamond thief (Edward G. Robinson) and a wandering British boy (Fergus McClelland) get together for some refreshing runaway adventures in modern Africa.

THE PAWNBRIDGE. Rod Steiger gives a virtuoso performance as an embittered old Jew whose half life in Spanish Harlem is shaped by the memory of Nazi horrors.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. The Rodgers and Hammerstein musical about the Trapp Family Singers sometimes swells around an audience like marshmallow cream, but Julie Andrews makes the sticky stuff easy to swallow.

BOOKS

Best Reading

There are several lively thrillers this spring, most already destined for the movies. Among the most beguiling are *The French Doll*, by Vincent O'Connor, which has a CIA hero and a racy Paris setting; *The Interrogator*, by Allan Prior, in which two doughty Scotland Yard men are hampered in their pursuit by their heavy drinking; *Midnight Plus One*, by Gavin Lyall, a kaleidoscopic Bondian yarn; and *Cunning as a Fox*, by Kyle Hunt (a pseudonym of John Creasey),

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The current best among the rest:
THE VALLEY OF THE LATIN BEAR, by Alexander Lenard. Two years ago, the author charmed his way into literary life with the *success* *foi* of the season—a translation into Latin of *Winnie the Pooh*. In this book, as charming in its way as *Pooh* was, Lenard tells of his life as a doctor and pharmacologist in a remote village in southern Brazil and his genially picaresque philosophy of life.

ASSORTED PROSE, by John Updike. An early arrival on the summer-reading shelf, this collection of nostalgic and humorous essays and reportage (including the classic account of Ted Williams' last game at Boston's Fenway Park) gracefully serves to remind the reader that few writers exceed Updike in skill with words.

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW, by Wilfred Fowler. A novel about the end of British rule in an African state, written in a very different idiom from most modern fiction—terse, laconic, sinewed prose.

TAKEN CARE OF, by Edith Sitwell. Memoirs completed shortly before Dame Edith's death last year that shed harsh new light on a gifted metaphysical poet and a self-dramatist who acted out endless roles for herself with astounding audacity and imagination.

LOCKOUT, by Leon Wolff. The bitter story of the Homestead Strike in 1892, in which workers struck against the lethal working conditions at Andrew Carnegie's steel mill. Henry Clay Frick, Carnegie's second-in-command, retaliated with a hired army of Pinkerton men; in four months, 35 were killed, 400 injured.

DREISER, by W. A. Swanberg. A crude, naive, natural writer, Dreiser was the founder and embodiment of the realistic school of writing that shocked the country in the first decades of this century. His life, like his work, was stubborn, untidy and wayward. Biographer Swanberg (*Citizen Hearst*) has made the most of it.

I WILL TRY, by Legson Kayira. Determined to get a U.S. education even if he had to walk there, the author, a young African from the Malawi Republic, actually trekked some 800 miles of the way toward fulfilling his dream.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Ambassador, West (2)
3. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (3)
4. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (5)
5. Hotel, Hailey (4)
6. The Flight of the Falcon, Du Maurier (7)
7. Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (6)
8. The Source, Michener
9. The Man, Wallace (9)
10. An American Dream, Mailer (10)

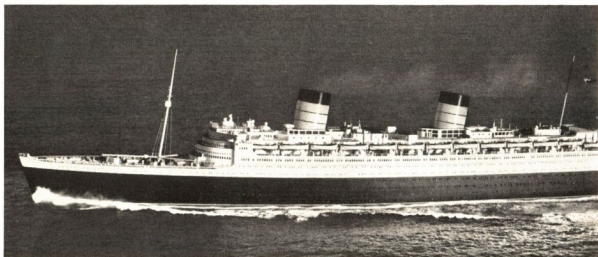
NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII (3)
3. Queen Victoria, Longford (2)
4. The Oxford History of the American People, Morison (7)
5. My Shadow Ran Fast, Sands (5)
6. The Founding Father, Whalen (4)
7. How to Be a Jewish Mother, Greenburg
8. The Italians, Barzini (6)
9. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (8)
10. Fred Allen's Letters, McCarthy (ed.)



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
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
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LETTERS

Kerouac 'n' Roll

Sir: The article on rock 'n' roll [May 21] was both forceful and revealing. Primitive, noisy, anti-intellectual, coarse, unlyrical, and provocative as it is, rock 'n' roll provides an active means of honest, uninhibited expression, and an escape from the pressing realities of a 20th century world that is all too often the burial ground of lighthearted amusement.

JOHN WINEBRENNER

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Your article finally acknowledges the fact that rock 'n' roll today is not reserved for the totally ignorant.

THOMAS WERMAN

Columbia University
New York City

Sir: Moaning and grunting like tortured hogs in some gloomy and obscene den, and thrown into ecstasies by the frantic cavortings, whoopings and gurglings of dim-witted adolescents more akin to 17th century Algonquin Indians than to the founders of this great Republic, devotees of rock 'n' roll music prove conclusively that *Homo neanderthalensis* is still with us. If politicians in Washington go for it, then assuredly Spengler was right.

JAMES C. MILLER

Bloomington, Ind.

Sir: News, it may be. Timely, it is. But news, it is not.

MRS. JOSEPH L. DE GROOT

Plainfield, Ill.

Sir: I am 30, and, as often happens to oldersters in their senility, impressions of the long ago are much more lasting than those of the recent past. Thank goodness for Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Wayne King and the Dorseys.

MRS. D. H. WINSHIP

Milwaukee

Sir: Several years ago, there was a movement to intellectualize "action writing" and Kerouac, Corso, Ginsberg, et al. This was followed by the effort to intellectualize action and pop painting, which, I guess, is still with us. Now we are in the throes of a movement to lend some sort of credit to beat music. TIME can see no farther than the end of its nose.

WILLIAM BLAKEMAN

New York City

Sir: I have a feeling of disgust for middle-age people doing dances like the frug or jerk. We have not as yet invaded

their "adults only" world, so please, if you can't give us anything to grow into, kindly leave us something to grow out of.

JOEL ROSENBERG

Highland Park, Ill.

Black Looks

Sir: I attended the teach-in at the University of Michigan [May 14] with more than passing interest. I was, however, dismayed to hear clichés and slogans instead of the searching discussions I had expected. During the polemics, the arm-band wearers bustled about with ludicrous self-importance, contributing only rudeness and epithets to the "search for alternatives." There appeared to be no cognizance of the complexity or even the reality of the situation in Viet Nam. The entire problem seemed to boil down to being for or against the burning of Vietnames children. During one of the intermissions, however, my dismay was dispelled when I heard a bright-eyed young coed squeal, "Oh, I feel so anti." I left comforted by the thought that the whole simple-minded display had nothing really to do with Viet Nam; it was rather an exercise in group therapy designed to save wear and tear on a lot of fathers.

THADDEUS C. RADZIALOWSKI

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: The disrespectful and obnoxious conduct of some of our students toward the Government team discussing Viet Nam was very embarrassing—especially to the 6,000 university students who signed a petition supporting the President's policy.

MARY ANN THURLOW

University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

Sir: The real immorality of the war in Viet Nam is that good men—most of whom have never had the advantage of a higher education—are making countless sacrifices to protect the rights of the pseudo intellectuals at Iowa and Wisconsin, most of whom have probably never served, and probably never will serve, this country in a military capacity. They sit safely in their academic shell and yell "foul" at men dying to protect their right to yell.

MARY C. CANESTRARO

Cleveland

Sir: As a college student, I firmly believe in our right to question everything. Our youth entitles us to be idealistic and perhaps rebellious; the state of the world that we are about to inherit entitles us to be a little cynical. But I fear that the



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OINTMENT

hardest lesson some of us will have to learn is that neither idealism, rebellion nor cynicism can successfully cope with the world—only realism. The real tragedy of those students would be a continuation of their sophomoric behavior after they leave their ivied limbo.

JAMES ROBERTSON

College of William and Mary
Williamsburg, Va.

Sir: Contrary to the impression left by your article "The Black-Banders," there are numerous campus ministers, faculty members, undergraduates, and graduate students disagreeing with our nation's present foreign policy who are neither disheveled nor degenerate. Here at Duke University, an overflow crowd heard four of this university's leading professors take issue with our policy in Southeast Asia. As moderator for five hours of that debate, I saw no hooting or jeering. I am convinced that even though those who are at odds with our war efforts in Southeast Asia are in the minority (at least on this campus), and even though the entire issue is an emotional one, there are responsible, well-educated men who honestly and sincerely oppose our military actions in Southeast Asia.

JOHN R. KERNODLE JR.

Durham, N.C.

Looking Ahead Backwards

Sir: Now that Pentagon officials have uncovered Walter Lippmann's unwisdom on the 1947-49 Greek crisis—"My God, Walter would have given away Greece too!" [May 14]—they would do well to pursue their researches further back, to the days before Pearl Harbor, and in a more immediately relevant area, Asia. They would discover that Mr. Lippmann consistently opposed American aid to China in its life-and-death defense against Japanese aggression, insisted that the United States' vital interests were confined to the Atlantic, and warned that, under no circumstances should this country allow itself to become embroiled in a "two-ocean" war, which it could not possibly win. Despite his Olympian stance, pontifical self-assurance, and popular prestige, history is likely to judge Walter Lippmann, as a prophet, to have been more gravely mistaken more often on more major issues than any other leading commentator.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: The Essay "Viet Nam: The Right War at the Right Time" is a masterpiece. Someone has finally explained to the critics of American policy that the Communists have a reputation for ignoring the terms of negotiations. Perhaps, now that TIME has made these critics aware of their own ignorance, they will realize that President Johnson is correct in Viet Nam.

DONALD MUNTER

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Sir: As a liberal who favors our Government's policy of intervention in Southeast Asia, I wonder about Professor Hans Morgenthau, Walter Lippmann and their supporters. They strive to isolate American military and political power from non-Chinese areas that they imperiously assign to China's sphere of influence. But they are found to be articulate pleaders for diplomatic and economic intervention by the U.S. insofar as recognition of and trade with Red China are concerned—the wave of the Communist future to be ensured inevitably with aid from the wave of the capitalist past!

At the Washington teach-in Professor Morgenthau was minimal to write off Thailand as a "client state" of the U.S.—clearly implying that Thailand's independence is a fiction and that it is suitable for inclusion in China's sphere of influence. Nearly 1 billion non-Chinese Asians, including the North Vietnamese, are not anxious to slip under the bamboo curtain lowered over them ever so casually by Messrs. Morgenthau and Lippmann.

MURRAY BARON*

New York City

Eggheadry

Sir: Having had good opportunity to study American intellectualism, quasi-intellectualism, pseudo intellectualism, and anti-intellectualism, I should like to add a qualifying remark to your most stimulating Essay [May 21]. A great deal of the "respect" you are talking about is paid not to the intellectuals but to the intellectual charlatans of a TV quiz-show type. The true intellectual, the quiet, original thinker who has the acumen and the courage of original thought, still receives only a trifle of the recognition paid to the pseudo intellectuals who often dominate the scene. If those criteria are applied, it becomes doubtful whether present-day America can boast a population ratio of intellectuals 7.5 times as large as that attributed to the Greece of Socrates and Plato.

R. MATESSICH

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: If your letters to the editor concerning the Administration's actions in Viet Nam [May 21] are any indication of predominant current feeling toward intellectuals, your statement in the Essay seems to be contradictory. If "anti-eggheadry is at a new low," why are university students referred to as "boorish malcontents," professors accused of having "tortured and specious reasoning," and why is it suggested that "more of our officials take McBundy's example and slap a few of these intellectuals down?"

KAREN PELZ

ALISON TARTT

University of Delaware
Newark, Del.

Sir: The fancy folklore notion that there was widespread anti-intellectualism never really held up. What was millions of us, were anti, a decade or three ago, was not intellectualism, but "intellectuals." Modern America grew great through widely applied intellect; but too many "intellectuals" were just playing.

FRANKLIN COURTNEY ELLIS

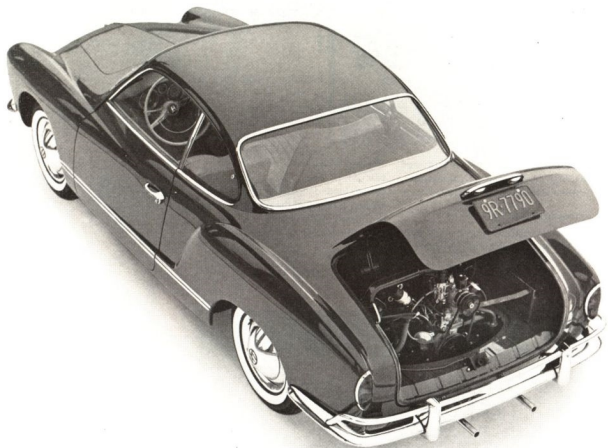
Winnetka, Ill.

Sir: Recipe for all undergraduate college students: take one set of dirty clothing and wear with pride, pretend you are poor, grow hair long and stringy, wear eyeglasses either on the nose or just above the forehead, join and work for a civil rights group (this is essential), appreciate modern art and jazz, speak only of free love and never of marriage, never deviate from the popular political beliefs and practices of the professors and other college students—and you have an intellectual. Or do you?

HENRY H. SHULTZ

School of Law
Boston University

* A founder of the U.D.A. (forerunner of A.D.A.), former chairman of the Socialist Party of New York and a founder and vice chairman of New York's Liberal Party.



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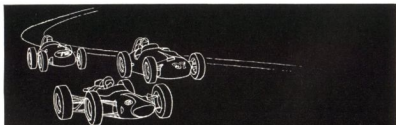
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Imaginative Mistress

Sir: I was happy to be of help in the preparation of your April 30 report on cryosurgery. I was amused by some of the letters and phone calls that I have received. One letter came from an eight-year-old boy in Minnesota who wanted to know more about cryosurgery for a classroom report, and a phone call came from a woman in Beverly Hills who wanted her dog's uterus destroyed by cryosurgery.

ROBERT W. RAND, M.D.

University of California
Los Angeles

Lifesaver

Sir: Re the broadening concept of evangelism [May 14]: I'm sure it would have been comforting to the antediluvians who were perishing in the flood if Noah pecked out from the safety of the ark and informed them: "It doesn't matter whether you are inside the ark. We just want you to get the 'significance of God's love.'"

(THE REV.) W. ERNEST OLDFIELD

Full Gospel Tabernacle
Waukegan, Ill.

Nonfatal Notch

Sir: TIME sympathetically noted the rejection of apparently qualified students by Ivy League colleges [May 7]. But TIME created the impression that high grades have become virtually the sole factor in determining admission. This false impression arises from your failure to realize that numerous other considerations enter into a decision for acceptance. It would be regrettable for prospective students to forsake their nonacademic interests so that their grades do not slip the "fatal notch" that TIME says would result in rejection.

CHARLES ESTES

JONATHAN FUERBRINGER
BARRY FURROW
RICHARD LARM

Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Too Tough Standards

Sir: John W. Macy Jr.'s formula for selecting key staff for the Johnson Administration [May 7] would probably eliminate people of the caliber of the President himself. It would certainly have eliminated Winston Churchill, who was not in the Phi Beta Kappa or Rhodes-scholar class. On the other hand, the formula might not have eliminated Alger Hiss. From outside, one gains the impression that the U.S. is being taken over by textbook experts at a time when down-to-earth common sense is its greatest need.

CLIVE CHAPMAN

Sydney, Australia

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

"NOT my profile." Surgeon Michael DeBaKey objected when Painter Henry Koerner asked him to turn his head aside.

"I told him he had an elegant profile," Koerner said, "and he would have to trust me as his patients trust him. He has a truly great face—those big eyebrows and that huge forehead."

Koerner painted his subject for this week's cover in four sittings at the Texas Medical Center's Methodist Hospital in Houston. One sitting was abruptly halted when DeBaKey was summoned to a nearby operating room to help revive a patient whose heart had stopped beating. In surgical gown and mask, Koerner also studied and sketched DeBaKey while he was performing several operations. For the background, Koerner chose the overhead lamp of an operating room and an oscilloscope that monitors a patient's heart and pulse. "I learn something from every operation," DeBaKey says; it was his meditative post-operative mood Koerner sought to convey.

NEXT to operating, Dr. DeBaKey likes most to talk about operations. In a recent session with fellow surgeons he had a new-old story to tell. In May of 1868, he said, a mounted scout rode up to an adobe building in Trinidad, Colo., marched into the office and asked: "Dr. Beshear, will you please be here in two hours when General Carson will arrive by ambulance. He is very ill."

The horse-drawn ambulance bore the immobile form of the famed



DeBAKEY SITTING FOR KOERNER

Western scout Kit Carson, by then elevated to the rank of brigadier general. Beshear examined him, noted his difficulty in speaking and moving his right arm or leg, and readily found the reason: a large, soft swelling on the left side of his neck. Beshear knew it was a massive aneurysm of the carotid artery, and that he could do nothing about it. He did all he could to make the patient more comfortable, then referred him to the nearest Army hospital at Fort Lyon 90 miles away. There, two weeks later, Kit Carson died. The striking thing, said DeBaKey, is that not until almost 90 years after this could any surgeon have done anything more than did Beshear.

Dr. DeBaKey heard this hitherto unpublished story from Barron Beshear, chief of TIME's Denver bureau, who did much of the reporting on the cover story. He is the grandson of the Dr. Beshear who began practice in the cattle town of Trinidad in 1865, and his great-grandfather and father were surgeons as well. After finishing the cover story, Medicine Writer Gilbert Cant sent a note of congratulation to Beshear: "TIME's annals are full of examples of reporters who went to amazing lengths to get the facts. But I can't think of any other who assigned his grandfather to help—and 50 years before the correspondent was born!"

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 28, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 22

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Constant Policy

Basic U.S. policy in the Dominican Republic is simple. It is to prevent a Castro-style takeover in the Caribbean. Its ultimate aim is to set up a representative, constitutional government excluding extremists, from Trujilloists on the right to Reds on the left.

But carrying out that policy is nightmarishly difficult. U.S. policymakers have been forced to improvise from hour to hour. What looked like a stroke of intuitive genius one day seemed to be a blunder of impulsive foolishness the next. Nobody has found this more frustrating than the President of the U.S. Sviid Lyndon Johnson in a four-hour, after-dinner talkfest with some 30 journalists in the Georgetown home of Columnist Max Freedman: "We think we've got something patched up there and then it falls apart."

Quicksand. In tactical terms, patchwork is about the only plausible pursuit for the U.S. in the Dominican Republic. So corrosive is the hatred between the opposing Dominican forces that there is no middle ground. Yet the military middle ground is what 20,500 U.S. paratroopers and marines now hold, getting shot at from both sides, and the political middle ground is what the U.S. seeks, while suffering polemic potshots from around the world.

Most of the middle ground has proved to be quicksand. The rebels will not even talk to U.S. Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett Jr. if only because he was the first to cry Communist about their hard-core cadres. With Bennett cut off, President Johnson sent to the scene former Ambassador John Bartlow Martin, a friend of deposed Dominican President Juan Bosch, whose "constitutionalist" symbol the rebels were carrying. But the junta headed by Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras remembered Martin as a promoter of Bosch and cut him cold. At that point, the U.S. had one pipeline to the junta (Bennett) and one to the rebels (Martin). Trouble was, Bennett and Martin disagreed, and it soon became evident that there was no pipeline between the pipelines.

At the same time, the Organization of American States became anathema to the rebels when an OAS committee reported that their ranks were infiltrated with Reds. And while the junta wel-



IN SANTO DOMINGO: BUNDY



MANN & BENNETT

From intuitive genius to impulsive blunder and back again.

comed the OAS, the rebels rolled out their Red carpet for the United Nations, which, with U.S. acquiescence, sent special envoys to Santo Domingo. This was the first time that the U.N. had directly interceded in hemispheric affairs, and it established a precedent that vastly disturbed the OAS.

The Mission. This was confusion compounded. In hope of clearing it up, President Johnson sent four trusted advisers south—White House Adviser McGeorge Bundy, Under Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Jack Hood Vaughn, and Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus R. Vance. The mission, as a White House aide put it, was intended to "accelerate strategy." Officially neutral, the U.S. at first had seemed to lean to Imbert's junta. With the arrival of the Bundy mission, the U.S. started working toward a coalition headed by a onetime Bosch Cabinet member whose main qualification was that he had said he was anti-Communist (see THE HEMISPHERE).

To Imbert, this looked as if U.S. strategy were accelerating in reverse and he launched strong Dominican-manned military strikes against the rebels. At week's end a temporary truce

was in effect. The U.N. wanted to turn it into a permanent cease-fire, but the junta was reluctant to halt its offensive.

All other things being equal, the U.S. does not want any military man in the Dominican Republic's seat of power. But at week's end it appeared that Johnson might have to side with Imbert or someone approved by the general. Although this would not be an ideal solution, it would be in line with the basic U.S. policy that has remained constant throughout: no more Castros in the Caribbean.

The Lull That Lapsed

"From now on," said a U.S. official in Saigon, "they're going to have a tough time guessing how, when and where they may be hit. Some days they may not be hit at all. Other days they may get hit a little, and other days they may get plastered almost from border to border." In that spirit the U.S. last week ended a five-day lull in bombing raids against North Viet Nam.

Running Out of Bridges. In the days after the lull lapsed, U.S. planes, almost without letup, prowled north of the 17th parallel. Carrier-based Sky-raidors and Skyhawks plastered petroleum-storage facilities at Phuqui, 125

miles south of Hanoi, sending braided columns of orange flame and black smoke billowing hundreds of feet into the air. Navy jets took potluck, strafing targets along highways, rail lines and riverbeds from the 17th parallel to a point only 80 miles from Hanoi. Air Force Thunderchiefs made the deepest penetration yet by U.S. warplanes, streaking up to the Red River Delta town of Ninhbinh, 60 miles south of Hanoi, to drop 500,000 propaganda leaflets urging North Viet Nam's people not to let "the Chinese and Vietnamese Communists use your bones and blood to wage a fratricidal war." Later in the week 90 Air Force jets returned with bombs instead of leaflets, blasted a big barracks near Ninhbinh.

Several factors had gone into Presi-

the U.S. to double its bomb loads if and when the raids resumed. North Viet Nam brusquely condemned the lull as a "U.S. swindle" and "a deceitful maneuver designed to pave the way for new U.S. acts of war."

In responding as it did, Hanoi proved Lyndon's point. And so, after five days, the Administration announced that it was "disappointed" because "we have seen no reaction" from the Reds, ordered the bombers into the air again.

The War Within

In a recent question-and-answer session at the University of Pittsburgh, Vice President Hubert Humphrey was asked about "ghastly, barbarous American attacks in Viet Nam." Humphrey exploded: "I'm glad you asked about

village chiefs or other local officials are murdered or kidnaped each day.

Villagers can only assume that they will be the next victims. This month for example, a Viet Cong platoon entered Phu Long hamlet in Binh Thuan province, killed an old man and raped two women. A Catholic priest and four civilians were kidnaped from a church, and all civilians were forced to leave the area. In Thua Thien province, the Viet Cong stopped some buses, abducted a nurse and two girls. In Pleiku province they fired on a bus, killed the driver and wounded ten passengers.

Earlier this year, the Viet Cong swept into Hoa Hoi hamlet in Binh Dinh province, burned 185 civilian homes, destroyed the inhabitants' personal belongings. In Lon An, Viet Cong mines blew up three buses, killing eleven civilians. In Pleiku province, a Viet Cong company took over a hamlet and murdered ten members of the council.

The Chief's Children. Beyond the outright murders and kidnappings is the evidence of acts even more grisly. Two years ago, a government force came upon 35 weeping women and children—and the bodies of 30 Vietnamese militiamen, throats cut, bodies disemboweled, and in many cases, emasculated. In Binh Dinh province, the Viet Cong beheaded a village chief and hacked off the arm of the chief's twelve-year-old daughter. They also took the chief's six-year-old son, laid a rifle across his bare back and fired it several times, leaving a twelve-inch scar. In the same province two months ago, the Viet Cong conscripted 125 village men for forced labor; when 25 villagers refused to go along, the Viet Cong shot them. At a village between Saigon and Dalat last week, a Viet Cong soldier lectured peasants. "Tell your daughters," he said, "that we will skin alive any girl we find with an American. And if any American touches our girls, we will sterilize him."

As for evidence that American soldiers are not immune from such treatment, there is the recent incident in which government troops found the bodies of three U.S. soldiers who had been ambushed by the Viet Cong. The G.I.s had been disemboweled and emasculated; the parts were stuffed down their throats.

THE PRESIDENCY

Something of Value

Firm Asian supporters of U.S. Asian policy don't grow in every bamboo grove. So it was not surprising that Lyndon Johnson, just a month after postponing the state visits to the U.S. of Critics Ayub Khan of Pakistan and Lal Bahadur Shastri of India, spared no pains last week in welcoming South Korea's President Chung Hee Park, 48. After all, Park has demonstrated his loyalty by sending 2,000 army engineers and a medical team to help out in South Viet Nam.

Ruffles and flourishes started the visit



BEHEADED VICTIM OF THE VIET CONG

"The most unbelievable acts of terrorism the world has ever known!"

dent Johnson's earlier decision to order the pause. The U.S. had already blasted just about every worthwhile military target south of the populous Hanoi-Haiphong complex, and was running out of bridges and barracks to bomb. The lull gave U.S. reconnaissance planes a chance to assess the damage and size up new targets—and according to Communist broadcasts, the recon planes were busy indeed, some of them probing points only twelve miles from Hanoi. Perhaps most important, the lull gave Johnson a chance to show such critics as Canada's Prime Minister Lester Pearson and Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright that they were all wet in arguing that a halt in the bombing might open the way to negotiations.

Proving the Point. The President took special pains to inform Hanoi of the purpose of the lull. U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union Foy Kohler told Red China's Moscow embassy about it. U.S. officials let Russian diplomats in Washington know. The French, British and Canadians—all of whom have pipelines to Hanoi—were informed. Each was asked to pass on the message that any hostile action by the Viet Cong during the lull would prompt

that I'm really going to tear into you! Only the Viet Cong has committed atrocities in Viet Nam! The Viet Cong has committed the most unbelievable acts of terrorism the world has ever known!"

Humphrey was, of course, overstating the case. War is war, and in Southeast Asia the South Vietnamese and probably some Americans have committed acts that would not be approved under the Geneva Conventions. But the fact remains that terrorism and atrocity against South Vietnamese civilians are the Viet Cong's chief weapons. As the U.S. gets more deeply involved, those weapons are being used in increasingly systematic intensity.

Who Is Next? In 1960, according to Pentagon counts, Communist terrorists assassinated or kidnaped more than 3,000 South Vietnamese. Death came by knife, by pistol shot in the night, by bombs, by beatings, by tortures. Last year the Viet Cong assassinated or kidnaped 1,536 village chiefs or other government officials, murdered 1,359 other civilians and kidnaped still another 8,400. So far this year, the Viet Cong score is: 264 provincial officials killed and 364 kidnaped, 610 civilians killed and 3,026 kidnaped. An average of four

on the White House South Lawn. "Enemies of peace and foes of freedom still move in the world," Johnson told his short, slim visitor by way of greeting. "But their chance to prevail is a much lesser chance now because of the response that was made in Korea by those United Nations which showed a decent respect for the values—as well as the opinions—of all mankind. We welcome this strength that your land offers now to the defense of freedom, not only in Korea but in Viet Nam as well."

Park responded in kind. Said he: "Along the truce line in Korea, in the jungles of Viet Nam, your beloved sons and husbands now share the same encampment and trenches with our men to defend freedom from Communist aggression."

The two Presidents strolled around the White House grounds in company with Him, the Beagle, Blanco, the colic, and Korean and American reporters. Johnson even let Park hold the leashes. There was a glittering state dinner with appropriate toasts and music for both listening and dancing. Johnson danced briefly with the daintily pretty Mrs. Park.

Frankly and publicly stating his country's need for continued aid, Park said in a toast that, despite his country's economic difficulties, "we can still assure you with pride that your support and assistance will be better rewarded in Korea than anywhere else."

After private meetings, there emerged an unusually long and detailed joint communiqué that gave Park some help with his political and economic problems at home. It promised South Korea new development loans of \$150 million, even if it gets separate aid from Japan. It disclosed agreement in principle on a pact that will give Korean courts some jurisdiction over American servicemen and American civilians employed by

the military. And it reminded the world that the two Presidents had in common the burning desire to defeat Communist aggression and see Asia prosper.

Also last week:

► The President received confirmation, from a routine report to the Federal Communications Commission, that the broadcasting properties owned principally by his wife and two daughters had improved in net asset value by \$1,000,000 since 1962 to a total of \$3,700,000. Like the rest of the extensive Johnson family interests, the radio and television stations are being administered by trustees while the President is in office.

► The President flew to New York for a private fund-raising dinner of the President's Club, an organization of Democratic contributors who each give at least \$1,000 a year to the party. The political foray took Johnson to what has become an off-year hot spot. Feuding New York Democrats suddenly face a real contest because Republican Congressman John V. Lindsay is running against Mayor Robert Wagner.

DIPLOMACY

Four in One

Patricia Roberts Harris smiled as she said: "When I'm around, you get two for the price of one—a woman and a Negro." She hesitated, then continued: "No, you get four—a woman, a Negro, a lawyer and a teacher." That was just after President Johnson had nominated her as the next U.S. Ambassador to Luxembourg. Upon Senate confirmation, Mrs. Harris, 40, will become the first Negro woman to head an American embassy.

As Ambassador to Luxembourg, Mrs. Harris will be the top U.S. diplomatic representative in a 999-square-mile grand duchy. The job is generally



AMBASSADOR HARRIS & HUSBAND
For the duchy, a rare combination.

considered a protocol post, rarely if ever held by foreign-service careerists (one of Mrs. Harris' predecessors was Perle Mesta). But in the U.S. scheme of things it is a public honor, and one for which Patricia Harris has qualified.

A railroad waiter's daughter from Mattoon, Ill., she had a choice of five college scholarships and won a *summa cum laude* diploma from Howard University in Washington. She is an associate professor at Howard, has been admitted to Supreme Court practice, is active in civil rights organizations and Democratic politics, and last August delivered one of Johnson's second-order speeches in Atlantic City.

Her appointment, she said, will show "the possibility of achievement for people who don't start out as part of the establishment." She plans to take a State Department French course and to buy a new wardrobe. "I buy my clothes to wear forever, and most of them look as though I have done just that," she said, although she impressed reporters as being well turned out. Her husband, William Beasley Harris, 50, will close his Washington law office to accompany his wife on her first trip to Europe, diplomatic or otherwise.

LABOR

Fulfilling the Pledge

The 46-word sentence seemed to be tacked almost as an afterthought to the labor message sent by President Johnson to Congress last week. It urged repeal of Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley law, "with the hope of reducing conflicts in our national labor policy that for several years have divided Americans." But that sentence was no afterthought: it was the fulfillment of a promise made by Johnson to organized labor during the last presidential campaign—and it seemed likely to set off the hottest fight of this session of Congress.

Section 14(b) gives to the states the



PRESIDENT PARK, WIFE & HOSTS
Beyond the ruffles, a goal in common.

right to enact their own right-to-work laws banning union-shop contracts. Nineteen states* have done that, and of the entire Taft-Hartley law, 14(b) has become the section most odious to labor leaders. As a Congressman, Lyndon Johnson voted for Taft-Hartley and to override President Truman's veto. But last year, as he set out to gather votes from every segment of U.S. society, he made clear to A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany that he would seek repeal of 14(b), saw to it that the pledge was written into the Democratic platform.

"Sellout." Reaction to the President's message was predictable. "A sellout to organized labor," cried U.S. Chamber of Commerce President Robert Gerholz. Werner P. Gullander, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, was unhappy because 14(b), he said, "permits the states to protect employees from being forced into labor unions against their will." New Jersey's former Republican Representative Fred A. Hartley, co-author of Taft-Hartley, dismissed the President's proposal as "a ridiculous move." But labor was elated. Calling Johnson's statement "clear and unequivocal," the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Meany said: "The question here is simply stated: Do you believe in the right of employers and unions to negotiate the kind of union security contract that best suits both?"

Because of the terse, almost offhand way in which he attached the repeal proposal to his labor message, there was some talk that the President might not work very hard for its enactment. But those who said that just didn't know their Lyndon Johnson. For one

thing, he is immensely proud of his success in getting his programs through Congress, and the record will not be blemished if he can help it. For another, at a time when he is under heavy fire from academicians, he is not about to risk losing labor's support—particularly if he can keep it without suffering too badly in business circles. In that context, it is worth noting that he did not send his labor message to the Hill until just after he had proposed a \$3.9 billion cut in excise taxes.

In the message, the President also proposed:

► Extension of the minimum-wage law to cover an extra 4.6 million workers, some 1.5 million of whom now earn less than \$1.25 an hour.

► Double-time pay instead of time-and-a-half for work over 48 hours a week, with the cutoff to drop to 45 hours within four years. His aim, Johnson said, was to discourage overtime work, thus forcing employers to hire more workers and reducing the number of unemployed.

► Better jobless benefits, with up to 26 additional weeks of federally financed payments for workers who have exhausted their state benefits and have been out of work six months or longer.

"Public Responsibility." Those provisions might have fairly easy sailing. But the effort to repeal 14(b) is likely to tax all Johnson's skills. Most Republicans and Southern Democrats will oppose it. So, probably, will some Midwestern and Western legislators of both parties. And even some liberals are disappointed. New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits, who favors repeal, wrote last week: "The President failed to take into account the public concern over the extension of union authority which will result from 14(b)'s repeal . . . Trade-union activity is heavily responsible for the rising standard of living, job security and better working conditions for employees throughout the country—but there have been places where the growth of a trade union's public responsibility has not kept pace with its growing authority" (see following story).

"Say A Prayer"

At an A.F.L.-C.I.O. dinner in Washington, longtime United Steelworkers President David McDonald broke down and wept. Later, he asked well-wishers to "say a prayer for me."

McDonald had finally agreed to refrain from contesting the February Steelworkers presidential election that he lost to Secretary-Treasurer I. W. Abel by 10,142 votes out of 607,678 cast. In that election there were charges of wholesale fraud from both sides—and evidence that both sides were right.

McDonald's withdrawal came as a loyalist's hand-up to the cause of organized labor, whose ability to handle its own affairs had been cast into doubt not only by the steel-union squabble but by an Electrical Workers election



STEELWORKERS' ABEL & McDONALD
A doubt about responsibility.

that saw President James Carey stepping down only after the Labor Department found that his followers had stolen votes by the carload.

Obviously, McDonald had finally been convinced that if labor is to achieve all its hopes—including repeal of Taft-Hartley's 14(b)—it must first show that it is responsible not only to the public, but to itself.

Still There

Unlike the Electrical Workers' Carey and the Steelworkers' McDonald, most major union leaders are returned to office almost by rote. Among these is Polish-born David Dubinsky, president of the 440,000-member International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Last week, at 73, Dave Dubinsky was re-elected for a twelfth three-year term and was awarded a \$50-a-week raise (to \$31,000 a year). As usual, he had only token opposition. Said Dubinsky after 1,000 I.L.G.W.U. convention delegates gave him an ovation: "There is much more to be done. I feel I can give much service yet."

THE CONGRESS

Poor John

Alabama's John Sparkman, 65, is a shambling, soft-spoken man who ought to feel about as safe in his seat as any member of the U.S. Senate. After all, he is one of those "entrenched" Southern Democrats, with 28 years on Capitol Hill, including the past 18 in the Senate. He is the No. 2 man on the Foreign Relations Committee and, more important, has sponsored all sorts of legislation vital to his state's economy, like help for housing and small businesses. He shares with his colleague Lister Hill, also a TVA liberal, major responsibility for the fact that Alabama gets a more-than-generous cut of fed-



A.F.L.-C.I.O.'S MEANY
A hot question simply stated.

eral aid. Sparkman even had his day on the national scene, as Adlai Stevenson's running mate in 1952.

But as of last week, the talk of the Senate cloakrooms and the Alabama county courthouses was that Sparkman is in desperate trouble in seeking reelection next year. His problem is civil rights.

Too Mild. Not that John Sparkman is an integrationist—far from it. Over the years he has voted against more than 100 civil rights bills. But to diehard segregationists, he has never sounded as though he really meant it. Last week, in a Senate speech against an anti-poll-tax amendment to the voting rights bill, Sparkman said stolidly: "Legislation such as this, which is not designed to be applicable to the whole nation at large, is not sound, and Congress should think long and hard before it plunges emotionally into promulgating an extreme measure."

More privately, Sparkman expresses his feelings: "I've never tried to stir up emotions. I've fought all of the civil rights fights here alongside the Southern Senators—but on constitutional and practical grounds. I've always contended that race problems weren't solved by legislation, but by economic improvement."

This sort of sentiment has little in common with that of such other Southern Senators as Mississippi's Jim Eastland, South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, Georgia's Herman Talmadge, or even Georgia's Richard Russell, whose sometimes courtly, sometimes acid-tongued combativeness has been badly missed by the Senate's Southerners in their fight against the voting rights bill. Russell has been out for almost four months with emphysema, a lung ailment, but last week he announced that he felt fit enough to run for a seventh term next year.



ALABAMA'S SPARKMAN
A problem of rights.

More than anything else, Sparkman's brand of segregationism sounds namby-pamby when compared with that of Governor George Wallace. Explains State Democratic Executive Committee Chairman Roy Mayhall: "John has been a pretty good supporter of the Democratic Administration, and he's done a lot for the people of Alabama. But they don't think about that. They've got just one thing on their minds: segregation. They hated Kennedy. They hate Johnson. And they hate John Sparkman."

The Survival Course. Chances are that Sparkman will come up against Governor Wallace in the Democratic primary next year.* If he does, he figures to have about as much chance in Alabama as Bobby Kennedy. Even if Wallace doesn't run, he will certainly back one of his henchmen against Sparkman, in which case the incumbent would stand no more than an even chance. And if John Sparkman survives that test, he will still have to face a Republican in November in a state with a resurgent G.O.P. In 1962 popular Lister Hill won by only 6,800 votes against Republican James Martin. And Martin, since elected to the U.S. House of Representatives, is ready to run against Sparkman next year.

Watchdog Beware!

There was the faithful watchdog, barking and ready to bite. There was the burglar, doing his best to scurry away from the premises. There was the cop, who raised his pistol, took careful aim—and shot the watchdog.

To Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams, who has won a reputation as Capitol Hill's finest investigator of crookery in government, this was the way things seemed about to turn out last week. Williams was the watchdog. Bobby Baker was the burglar. The Senate's Democratic-controlled Rules Committee was the cop.

Nearly two years ago, Watchdog Williams rose on the Senate floor to charge that Bobby Baker, then the secretary for the Senate's Democratic Majority, was guilty of all sorts of shenanigans. The Rules Committee was assigned to investigate. Bobby Baker resigned and, for the most part, has since been seen only when taking the Fifth Amendment.

Rebuffs & Insults. Now, after these many months, the Rules Committee was about to send its report to the Senate. Someone on the committee had leaked to newsmen passages from a draft of the report which accused Williams of chicanery in failing to turn over some of his information about Baker to the committee as soon as he got it.

Forewarned, forearmed, Williams appeared in the Senate chamber and chal-



DELAWARE'S WILLIAMS
A matter of one man's honor.

lenged the Rules Committee Democrats to repudiate the source of the leak or to "repeat in my presence and in the presence of the full Senate any charges or criticisms that they care to make." Said he: "As one who has tried, notwithstanding numerous rebuffs and insults, to cooperate with this committee and to keep this investigation on the proper track, I do not intend that these charges by innuendo go unchallenged."

No answer. Next day Williams got up again. Neither Rules Committee Chairman Everett Jordan, a stodgy North Carolina Democrat, nor any other committee Democrats were there. Said Williams: "The members of the majority thus far have not seen fit either to repudiate or to repeat the allegations. Do they have the guts to stand up and support them?"

A Lame Reply. No answer. Williams continued: "Back home where I come from, a man's word and his honor are considered to be all that he has. If his word is no good, we consider that man untrustworthy in all matters. If the committee felt I had done something wrong or that I had deliberately withheld from the committee information which was in my possession, it was their responsibility to speak."

Finally, an answer. Chairman Jordan had arrived in the chamber, sat with hands folded in his lap while Williams spoke, then delivered a lame reply: "It would be highly out of order for me to engage in a discussion of the working draft until the committee has met and acted."

Later, when the Rules Committee met again, Pennsylvania's Republican Senator Hugh Scott moved to strike from the report any derogatory mention of Williams. The Democratic majority, permitting neither discussion nor vote on the motion, promptly adjourned until this week.

* Wallace has a little hurdle in his way. Alabama's constitution prohibits a Governor from being appointed or elected to the Senate until a year after his gubernatorial term of office has expired. Wallace's expires in January 1967. But he has a bill in the state legislature to amend all that.



SECRETARY AILES



UNDER SECRETARY RESOR

Shaping up to combat readiness.

ARMED FORCES

Advocate for the Army

Who is the Secretary of the Army? It is a safe bet that no more than one out of 100 men in the street would know. For the Army Secretary, like his Air Force and Navy counterparts, is trapped in a limbo of anonymity between Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and the uniformed military chiefs.

The incumbent is Stephen Ailes, 53, who has been at the Pentagon since 1961, first as Under Secretary and for the last 16 months as Secretary. During his Washington stay, he has been associated with some significant changes in army life.

By making the course tougher for both instructors and rookies, Ailes helped give recruit training a higher priority, a good thing in an era when the foot soldier is coming back into his own. He shared in shaping the 1962 Army Reserve-National Guard reorganization and was active in formulating follow-up reforms now before Congress. The aim is a merged Army Reserve-National Guard that would be more combat-ready and much less a political plaything. The Army is presently the only service that uses the draft, and Ailes would like to reduce the Army's dependence on it; he has played a leading part in drawing up a novel scheme to put about 60,000 volunteers, who have previously failed to qualify, through an intensive rehabilitation program to make them physically and mentally able to soldier properly.

Ailes has put off his retirement at least twice, and some time after July he will return to his Washington law practice. The Army will miss him. "He is in love with the Army," one general says of the white-haired Army Secretary who has never been in military service. "The Army has been his client, and he has been its advocate."

A top candidate as Ailes's successor is Republican Stanley R. Resor, 47, a Manhattan lawyer (and son of J. Walter Thompson's late board chairman, Stanley Resor) who came to the Pentagon only last month as Army Under Secretary. Resor won the Silver and Bronze Stars as an artillery major in the Battle of the Bulge. He is a particular protégé of Ailes's predecessor, Cyrus Vance, now Deputy Secretary of Defense and McNamara's right-hand man. Resor and Vance roomed together at Yale Law School and have been close friends ever since. Both are tall, sharp-featured, and tense in manner and speech. "Shut your eyes," says an Army Department aide, "and you think Resor is Vance talking."

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Chief Speaks

FBI Director John Edgar Hoover has been a Washington institution nearly as long as the Lincoln Memorial (41 years v. 43) and, particularly over the past year, has weathered plenty of criticism. But the old crime fighter and Communist hunter sticks by his Tommy guns, as he displayed in testimony released last week, before a House appropriations subcommittee.

An Oblique Rap. Hoover placed much of the blame for rising crime rates on the courts: "I have often said there is too much concern on the part of our federal, state and local courts for the rights of the individual charged with a crime. I think he is entitled to his civil rights, but I think the citizens of this country ought to be able to walk all of the streets of our cities without being mugged, raped or robbed. The rights of the law-abiding citizens are not being given sufficient consideration. In my opinion the courts in some instances have been entirely too lenient in the sentences imposed."

Along the way, Hoover obliquely

rapped Senator Robert Kennedy, who, as Attorney General, had successfully pressed for publicizing the secret testimony of ex-Mafia Hood Joseph Valachi. Hoover noted that "no indictments were returned" as a result of Valachi's testimony and, without mentioning Bobby's name, continued: "I was not in favor of the release of Valachi's testimony because I felt if there was any merit to what he had to say it ought to be run down and tried in court. My feeling in approaching the criminal problem has been not to do any talking of what you will do or what you have until you can make an arrest."

Exploitation by the Few. Turning to the Communist Party in the U.S., Hoover said that it numbers only about 10,000 members, with estimates of sympathizers running as high as 90,000. He was worried by the possibility that Soviet intelligence will get a lift because "our Government is about to allow [the Russians] to establish consulates in many parts of the country, which of course will make our work more difficult." Similarly, cultural-exchange schemes invite Soviet spying. "We have found in practically every cultural exchange group or student group that has come to this country, there is always a member of the KGB, the intelligence service of the Russian government. They are called students, but some are 36, 37 or 38 years old."

As an example of how the Communists make hay on U.S. campuses, Hoover cited the Berkeley riots at the University of California in November, said that "individuals with subversive backgrounds who participated in the demonstrations included five faculty members and 38 individuals who were students or connected with the University of California in some capacity. This is another example of a demonstration which, while not Communist-originated or controlled, has been exploited by a few Communists for their own end."



FBI'S HOOVER
Sticking by his Tommy guns.

THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

All the King's Men

A blue and white U.S. Air Force JetStar from the special White House squadron touched down at San Isidro airbase, 9½ miles east of battle-torn Santo Domingo. In the city's rebel stronghold, one of Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó's leftist advisers brightened visibly at the news. "Ah," he asked eagerly, "Johnson has come?"

No. The plane merely carried a top-level, four-man presidential mission (see THE NATION). Practically everyone else was there trying to settle the month-old civil war. But in the fourth week of fighting and maneuvering, all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't seem to put the Dominican Republic together again.

The battle raged on—with a rising crescendo that outdid even the first violent days of the revolt launched in the name of deposed President Juan Bosch. What hope there was for a solution came not so much from the diplomatic palaver but from military action. In an all-out attack in the northern part of the city, the suddenly resurgent loyalist forces of Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras dealt a severe blow to the conglomeration of rebellious soldiers, Communist guerrillas and pro-Bosch civilians led by Colonel Caamaño.

Still Another Coalition. The upturn in Imbert's fortunes apparently caught the U.S. by surprise. When Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy & Co. flew south early in the week, rumors flooded Santo Domingo that his mission was to bypass Imbert and negotiate a peace with Caamaño's rebels. The U.S. position was still Constitutionalism *Si!* Communism *No!* But the situation seemed to favor Caamaño, sitting cockily in his downtown rebel enclave, refusing to talk with Imbert and sending out snipers to shoot up the city at will. By contrast, Imbert, while he claimed to control most of the country, seemed to have little military strength behind him. Under those circumstances, and desperately striving for peace, the U.S. was prepared to offer a new "broad-based" coalition acceptable to both sides but primarily designed to mollify the non-Communists among the rebels.

The U.S. even had a man: Antonio Guzmán, 54, a prosperous planter and one of the few Dominicans with any claim to neutrality. Guzmán was known as an outspoken anti-Communist, served in Bosch's Administration as Minister of Agriculture. A few days before the Bundy mission to Santo Domingo, Guzmán was secretly flown to Washington for talks with U.S. officials, apparently passed muster, and was flown home again. On its flight to the Dominican Republic, the Bundy mission stopped in Puerto Rico and won Bosch's approval of Guzmán. Rebel Leader Caamaño

also agreed to go along. But not Tony Imbert and his embattled loyalist junta.

In his Congressional Palace in the U.S.-guarded International Zone, Imbert snorted that Guzmán was "a Bosch puppet." Imbert refused point-blank to dissolve his own Government of National Reconstruction, argued vehemently that Guzmán would be tantamount to turning the country over to the Communists. Bundy and the others repeatedly pleaded with Imbert to step gracefully aside. Each time the answer was the same. "Why the hell did you bring

and the Pepsi-Cola plant, which provided an almost limitless supply of bottles for Molotov cocktails.

Wearing their caps backwards to distinguish themselves from the rebels, Imbert's troops proceeded to batter the rebels in a full-scale battle. Clanking through the narrow streets, loyalist tanks fired point-blank into every house suspected of harboring rebels. So vicious was the fighting that a hapless taxi driver who got out to fix a flat was gunned down and lay there a day because no one dared venture into the



JUNTA CHIEF IMBERT ADDRESSING SUPPORTERS

One, at least, was prepared to fight.

all those troops here if you weren't going to stop Communism?"

Storming the Palace. The question was how much Imbert could do about it. From the first, the U.S. had never considered him as more than an emergency stopgap. He was encouraged to form his loyalist junta at a time when only U.S. troops stood between the Dominican Republic and a rebel victory. Loyalist troops were demoralized; most of them refused to budge from their bases in the countryside. Imbert, at least, was one man ready to fight. In the first days of the revolt, he had collected some 300 troops, who stormed the National Palace and then held it in the face of rebel attacks.

Now Imbert quietly rallied loyalist troops to fight the growing concentration of well-armed rebels in the northern part of the city. With tanks and heavy artillery, one column pushed in from the western garrison of San Cristóbal, 17 miles from Santo Domingo. Another column rolled down from the north across Peynado Bridge. In all, Imbert gathered 2,000 troops to attack an estimated 1,000 rebels holed up in an area that contains, among other things, low-income dwellings, small shops, the city's only peanut oil plant

street. Rebels trying to escape through the rat-infested sewers were flushed out with tear gas.

As the rebels fell back before the assault, Colonel Caamaño railed that U.S. Marines and G.I.s were fighting side by side with the loyalists. The rebels said that paratroopers had helped Imbert's men capture Radio Santo Domingo, were moving in to secure areas attacked by the loyalists. The U.S. answer to this was a flat denial. At the White House, Press Secretary George Reedy insisted to newsmen: "The President's instructions to the troops when they went in were to observe neutrality. When the President issues instructions, we assume they are followed."

"We Won't Repulse Them." The U.S. admitted nothing more than sending teams of paratroopers equipped with walkie-talkies to keep Imbert's units from firing by mistake into U.S. positions. As they had all along, U.S. paratroopers manning the corridor checkpoints searched every Dominican male for guns before letting him pass. The G.I.s were ordered not to trap the rebels north of the corridor, as Imbert's forces squeezed them up against the line. "We are not going to repulse them," said U.S. Commander Lieut. General



SLAIN MARINE IN REBEL-HELD AREA
The other was wounded, captured, released.

Bruce Palmer. "But we won't let them through with their weapons."

Obviously, with 20,500 marines and paratroopers on the scene, there had to be mistakes and isolated violations. Even so, virtually all the gunfire last week was in response to rebel sniping that has continued since the first marines stepped ashore. In a single 24-hour period, the U.S. reported 95 separate incidents to the OAS, bringing the total to 498 in 15 days. All told, 19 Marines and paratroopers had been killed, another 115 wounded.

Rebel mortars tossed four shells into U.S. positions east of the Ozama River. One evening a rebel tank drew up to the west side of Duarte Bridge and started lobbing shells at the paratroopers on the other side; the paratroopers finally destroyed the tank with seven rounds of 106-mm. recoilless-rifle fire. A sniper picked off a paratroop lieutenant in the U.S. corridor with a single shot in the temple. Two marines driving a water truck blundered into a rebel area, ran into a hail of rebel bullets. One Marine was wounded, captured and later released. The other was killed instantly; his body remained for a day sprawled across the truck, flies buzzing about his face, his feet stripped of boots.

The sharpest firefight came near the presidential palace, where a 30-man rebel patrol opened fire on loyalist troops, incidentally spraying nearby Marine and Airborne positions. In the exchange, two paratroopers were wounded. When corpsmen tried to reach them, they too were fired upon. Finally, after an hour, an Airborne colonel ordered a 3.5-in. rocket launcher to fire on the rebels. Four rockets ended the fight, with six rebels dead, nine wounded. Among the rebel dead: Colonel Rafael Fernández Domínguez, 34, a devoted Bosch follower, who had been serving as military attaché in Chile when the

revolt broke out, and Juan Miguel Román, a well-known Dominican Communist who had served in the Castroite 14th of June movement.

Savoring Victory. After seven days of bitter fighting, Imbert's loyalists had driven most of the rebels out of the northern sector of Santo Domingo. And now the man who had won sudden fame and a general's rank by assassinating Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo stepped out on a balcony of the Congressional Palace. Before him stood a cheering crowd of 2,500 supporters. "We have absolute control of the Dominican Republic," declared Imbert. "We will unify and guarantee the welfare of the entire Dominican family." "Down with Communism! Down with Communism!" chanted the crowd.

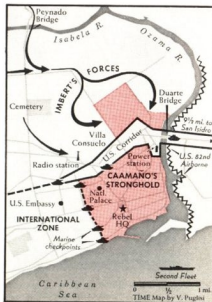
Savoring his victory, Imbert was still reluctant to negotiate a coalition government with Caamaño's rebels. Instead, he called for their unconditional surrender. The only truce he would agree to was a plea for a 24-hour ceasefire to remove the dead and wounded from the blasted northern section of Santo Domingo. Estimates put the casualties at 400 dead, possibly 1,000 wounded, and litter teams worked frantically to carry them out. The U.S. had set up a 60-bed Navy hospital and a 200-bed Army hospital, sent medicine and food to jammed Dominican hospitals. Paratroopers handed out free food to long lines of hungry people.

Imbert still talked of resuming the attack—this time against the main rebel force in downtown Santo Domingo. That would mean pushing across the corridor held by U.S. troops, and the U.S. showed little inclination to let him press on with what would surely bring the bloodiest fighting yet seen in the Dominican Republic. Instead, the U.S. intends to stand as a buffer between the loyalists and rebels while the diplomats seek some sort of compromise govern-

ment. U.S. officials hope that Imbert may be less adamant about negotiating as the rebels grow weaker. U.S. intelligence reports tell of plummeting morale in the rebel area. Many of the disaffected Dominican army officers with Caamaño are reported to be ready to give up; so are the supporters of Juan Bosch, who now seem to be continuing more out of fear than fanatic conviction. If so, that would reduce the rebels mainly to hard-core Communists, and OAS peace-keeping troops might be called upon to deal with them.

More Than a Symbol. How much of an effort the OAS can muster to help restore peace in the Dominican Republic remains to be seen. There were some indications that the Inter-American Armed Force was becoming more than a mere symbol. Brazil announced that it was sending 1,300 combat troops to bolster the handful of Costa Rican, Honduran and Nicaraguan soldiers already in Santo Domingo. The U.S. responded with a pledge to pull out an equal number of troops as the Latin American units arrive. The OAS then voted to put the entire peace-keeping force, including U.S. troops, under a Brazilian general, with a U.S. officer as deputy commander.

The man who now appeared to be the key to the situation was the loyalists' Tony Imbert, who had surprised almost everyone by his show of strength and determination to clean out the rebels. As one Latin American diplomat told OAS Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker: "You uncaged a tiger. Now cage him." At week's end Imbert rejected a permanent cease-fire, though he promised to refrain from "initiating any aggressive actions"—at least temporarily. True to form, the rebels began shooting again. New sniper fire poured into U.S. positions, and another four paratroopers were wounded.



COLOMBIA

Splinters in the Front

For months, the problems of Colombia have been growing from serious to worse. Under President Guillermo León Valencia, the cost of living has soared 50%, the country's foreign debt has doubled to \$750 million, unemployment is rising dangerously, and a wave of Castroite kidnappings has terrorized both city and countryside (TIME, March 19). Now all of these pale beside a grave new political concern. Colombia's National Front, formed in 1958 to make peace between the warring Liberal and Conservative parties, is in danger of imminent collapse.

The terms of the agreement call for Liberals and Conservatives to alternate the presidency every four years, while splitting Cabinet posts and congressional seats down the middle. Under the Front's first President, Alberto Lleras Camargo, a Liberal widely respected by all factions, the arrangement seemed to be working well enough. Since he left office in 1962, differences among the Front's factions have sharpened and deepened.

Valencia's lackluster Conservative government is partly to blame. Beyond that, there has long been widespread feeling against the Front's 1966 candidate—Carlos Lleras Restrepo, a longtime Liberal firebrand and a man with many enemies. This month, the Front's divisions exploded into the open when a splinter faction of Valencia's own Conservative Party and a dissident Liberal group joined with followers of ex-Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla to form an anti-Front coalition. With 126 of Congress' 282 seats, the coalition has more than the one-third necessary to block all government legislation and become, as Valencia himself admits, "unbearable opposition." Rojas seeks more than that. "In the congressional elections next March," he vows, "we will get enough votes to void the National Front and move right into the Presidential Palace."

How long the dissidents will hang together—and how many votes they can muster on their own—is open to serious doubt. As of last week, they had succeeded in at least one major objective: forcing the resignation of Lleras Restrepo as the Front's presidential candidate in 1966. "I am the victim of an intense and obstinate propaganda campaign to destroy the country's institutions," said Lleras Restrepo. And sure enough, its institutions were growing shakier by the day. Toward week's end, university students protesting U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic went on a seven-hour rampage in Bogotá, slinging stones and Molotov cocktails, breaking windows in a U.S.-Colombian cultural center, and taking over two radio stations. When police finally restored order, more than 100 people were injured. Valencia promptly seized upon the riot



VALENCIA

Less luster for the arrangement.

as an excuse to declare a state of siege.

A far better solution, the antigovernment coalition feels, would be Valencia's resignation. "Anyone who wants to remove me from San Carlos Palace," he said, "will have to pause in the patio to shoot me first."

BOLIVIA

No Room for Compromise

"Bolivia was like a two-horse cart headed for a precipice before my November revolution," says Air Force General René Barrientos. One of the horses was President Victor Paz Estenssoro, "and we got rid of him in November. Now we are rid of the other."

That other horse was Juan Lechín, 52, Paz's onetime Vice President and a longtime leftist union leader. In a surprise raid, Barrientos' police had picked him up in his home and packed him off to exile in Paraguay aboard an air force C-47. Lechín's crime, according to Barrientos, was masterminding a "Communist conspiracy" to overthrow the Bolivian government. "Bolivia was at the crossroads," cried Barrientos in a radio speech. "The choice was Communism or democracy."

Plots & Feathers. Barrientos offered little evidence of an impending revolt. But he had plenty of other reasons to get rid of Lechín. As boss of the country's 26,000 tin miners, the former Vice President had been doing his best to complete the destruction of Bolivia's economy by refusing to cooperate in a program to reform the country's nearly bankrupt Comibol tin-mining enterprise.

With Communists deeply rooted in the unions, Bolivian tin production has slipped 30% since the 1950s; annual losses run to \$6,000,000. Of the 26,000-man payroll, fully 7,000 are featherbedders. So severe is the crisis that the U.S., West Germany and the Inter-American Development Bank have cut off the third phase of a \$38 million mining-development program. Yet Le-

chín had discouraged every attempt to cut costs, either by reducing the work force or by modernizing the mines.

No sooner was Lechín out of the way last week than Barrientos announced a sweeping program to put Comibol on its feet. As a starter, the bullet-hard air force general tossed all top union leaders out of office, called for new union elections within 40 days, and before the week was out, exiled 36 more Communist and leftist union bosses to Paraguay. To make sure the orders would be enforced, he put the country under a state of siege and ordered a military draft of all Bolivians between the ages of 19 and 50.

"Down with the Boot." Predictably, Lechín's Bolivian Labor Confederation called a general strike that shut down the railroads, factories, textile mills and tin mines. In La Paz itself, 4,000 factory workers shouting, "Down with the military boot!" sacked and burned the office of the military's domestic airline before police rifle fire dispersed the mob, killing one rioter and wounding 19. The demonstrations went on for six days. Then the workers started trickling back to work, leaving only the miners still storming around.

Though Barrientos seems to have won the round, the fight is far from over. Lechín's miners, controlled for years by experienced Communists and far-leftist agitators, are well-armed and not likely to give up easily. At week's end, when Barrientos ventured into mining country, gunmen ambushed his motorcade, killing one security agent and taking four others hostage. It was the eighth attempt on his life, and he only narrowly managed to escape. Barrientos also faces challenges within his own military, where pressures are growing against his increasingly autocratic ways (TIME, May 21). But he made it clear to both sides last week that he did not intend to retreat. "There is no compromise," he cried, "with the junta—or with Barrientos."



LECHÍN IN PARAGUAY

Heave-ho for the other horse.

THE U.S. & WORLD OPINION

"PUBLIC OPINION," said Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel, "is a compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy and newspaper paragraphs." If Peel had such low regard for public opinion, it is easy to imagine how he would have felt about "world opinion." He would have denied that any such thing existed, or, if it did exist, that it had any business interfering with the sovereign actions of the British Empire.

That was a century and a half ago. Since then, the British Empire has expired (whether it could have prolonged its life by a slightly higher regard for world opinion is debatable), and the U.S. has assumed the place of leadership in the West. Yet the U.S. is far more concerned about how the world judges its actions than was Britain, or indeed any other nation in history.

A significant part of the U.S. Government's time is taken up with assessing, answering and trying to influence world opinion. Whether he likes it or not—and there are signs that Lyndon Johnson likes it less and less—the President of the U.S. finds himself engaged in an almost constant dialogue not only with domestic but also with foreign opinion. American columnists, editorialists, professors and pulpsters tirelessly invoke world opinion as if it were a faceless, raceless, nationless judge brooding over every action of mankind. Officials keep worrying about how any given U.S. move might be regarded "in the light of world opinion . . . in the struggle for men's minds."

This U.S. concern springs from various causes. It is not merely that, as the cliché has it, "Americans want to be loved"; deeply accustomed at home to government by consent, the U.S. cannot quite visualize international leadership without consent. During the Age of Reason, when humanity at large was deemed capable of holding a collective view, the Declaration of Independence pledged a "decent respect to the opinions of mankind." At the time, this meant not merely listening but telling—giving the world a forthright, stirring statement of the American purpose.

In the 19th century this attitude was tempered by a nagging sense of social and cultural inferiority to Europe, which caused Americans to proclaim their indifference to foreign judgments while in fact they were listening for them all the time. Although this uncertainty gradually faded (not that it has totally disappeared yet), the U.S. after World War II still felt uneasy as a world power and was sensitive to the charge that it had "less experience" than older nations. The cold war often seemed like a contest for the allegiance of the uncommitted, and in the '50s and '60s, the U.S. anxiously waited to hear what the "emerging nations" wanted done on the international scene. World opinion could become a domestic political issue; in the 1960 campaign, John Kennedy managed to get political mileage out of the hard-to-prove charge that during the last year of the Eisenhower Administration, U.S. prestige abroad had reached a new low. Americans still seem to agree with Woodrow Wilson's dictum that "opinion ultimately governs the world."

Information & Impulses

Americans know that their own public opinion, free and relatively well-informed, is a vital and valid part of the American system; they often mistakenly assume that this quality of public opinion exists everywhere else.

Men and women the world over share certain fears, feelings and aspirations—the urge for survival, for a better standard of living, for racial, national and individual equality and freedom. Such impulses play no mean part, and can be played upon in no mean way, in international disputes—but they do not constitute opinion. The vast majority of the world's peoples are too engrossed in workaday pursuits, too illiterate or ill informed, to have a specific view, or any view

at all, on the rights and wrongs of Viet Nam, or Santo Domingo, or Cyprus, or Berlin.

In Communist countries, audible opinion is still almost entirely party and state opinion. In much of Asia and Africa, the level of information and independent thought is no higher. Indians, for example, have an almost superstitious respect for anything they see in print. In Japan, the largely anti-Western intellectuals are deferred to like a priestly caste. In Africa, informed opinion hardly exists; it is made by a handful of educated or semi-educated officials and chiefs talking loudly to each other. Competent observers noted that crowds parading in one East African city last winter against the Stanleyville rescue operation had no firm idea of what their demonstration was all about; they could as easily have been paraded by their leaders against importing pineapples or votes for women.

Thus, most of what passes for world opinion is created by governments, frequently by a controlled press, and by small, more or less intellectual elites. Even in Western Europe, many of the most quoted views do not represent responsible officials. Often they are merely Peel's "newspaper paragraphs" amplified by modern communications, involving instant judgments that are all too often frozen into permanent attitudes.

Facts & Myths

A prime example of the hasty and hysteric quality that sometimes infects world opinion is provided by the recent "poison gas" furor. A misleading news-agency dispatch was picked up and escalated by left-wing propaganda into a lurid charge of atrocity by the U.S. against an Asian people. Supposed experts, from chemistry professors to the British Foreign Secretary, condemned the U.S. without checking the evidence; in fact, the "poison" was a harmless tear gas widely used by other countries, including Britain, for riot control. Yet weeks and months after this was made clear, critics were still berating the U.S. for using "outlawed" chemical warfare. During the Korean War, the Red Chinese perpetrated a similar falsehood by accusing the U.S. of using bacteriological warfare. More recently, after the Stanleyville parachute drop, stories were spread that the white rescuers had massacred large numbers of blacks—actually, it was the Congolese rebels who killed about 200 whites and thousands of fellow blacks.

Right now, world opinion is particularly agitated about U.S. bombers over North Viet Nam and U.S. Marines in Santo Domingo. The outcry naturally is led by the Communists in their press and in the U.N. There are strident echoes from most of the neutralists, and even among allies, the doubters of American action occasionally seem noisier than its defenders. Playing to the opinion of the "third world," Charles de Gaulle attacks U.S. intervention in the Caribbean—conveniently forgetting that he himself sent paratroopers to Gabon last year when anarchy threatened in the former French colony. President Johnson's domestic critics cite foreign critics in order to bolster their case; foreign critics in turn cite the domestic critics, a practice that opinion analysts call "incestuous interquarte."

Such tribulations are not new. Ever since World War II, the U.S. has had to contend with certain immutable facts and myths. The most basic fact is that the U.S. is the world's richest and most powerful nation and is therefore automatically blamed for almost anything it does. Another fact is that the U.S. dropped the first atomic bomb; as a result it has been constantly attacked by Communists and neutralists as the world's foremost nuclear menace, although it is the Russians who for years blocked any system of nuclear inspection. Even after the partial test-ban treaty, which Red China and France refuse to sign, a double standard remains;

there is precious little neutralist disapproval today of Chinese nuclear tests.

Among the great myths is the idea—discredited but not eradicated—that Communism is somehow progressive and the champion of the colonial underdog, while the U.S. is ranked with the "imperialists." Among the subsidiary myths is the notion that U.S. prosperity depends on the continuance of the cold war.

Propaganda & Illusion

Not that Americans are without their own myths and delusions about the rest of the world; these have ranged from isolationism in the '30s to naive global hopes during World War II, from a false distrust of democratic socialism to alternately overdramatizing and underestimating the Communist threat. Within the framework of facts and figments, the U.S. has used world opinion over the past decade to support both sound and unsound policies. Leading examples:

- **SUEZ.** The sudden attack by British, French and Israeli forces on Egypt in 1956 had been triggered by Nasser's highhanded seizure of the Suez Canal. But the Communists, the Arabs and other Afro-Asian anticolonialists, even Britain's Commonwealth partners assailed "aggression," no matter how Nasser might have provoked it. The U.S. sided with the anti-Suez forces in the name of world opinion, but perhaps also fearing Russian military intervention. In the end, the attack was called off, the embittered Anglo-French-Israeli forces were pulled back, and Nasser retrieved all he had lost. The credit the U.S. earned from the Afro-Asians, however, was quickly exhausted.

- **IKES U-2.** After the Russians captured Gary Powers and his wrecked U-2 plane in 1960, skillful Soviet dribbling of information led the U.S. from clumsy denial of the aerial surveillance to an awkward admission by President Eisenhower. As a result, Ike's summit with Khrushchev fell through; Moscow parlayed the incident into a propaganda spectacular by putting Powers on public trial. The U.S. called off further U-2 flights over Russia as a concession to disapproving opinions, although all major powers would use the same kind of airborne espionage if they had the means, and could get away with it.

- **BAY OF PIGS.** This fiasco of the new Kennedy Administration in April 1961 is blamed in retrospect by State Department officials on a storm of "angry world opinion" that scared off the U.S. Government from carrying through the overthrow of Castro it had secretly planned. Yet some of the U.S.'s staunchest allies were (unofficially) more appalled by the U.S.'s display of faint heart.

- **SOVIET MISSILES IN CUBA.** Hardly 18 months later, and certainly as a consequence of U.S. indecision at the Bay of Pigs, the Kennedy Administration again faced the problem of the Sovietization of Cuba, this time in infinitely more dangerous circumstances. Having learned a lesson about opinion, Kennedy did not hesitate to go to the brink to get the Russian missiles out of Cuba; but he gave Khrushchev a face-saving exit through the U.N. decompression chamber. The onlooking world, though nervous, on the whole approved the U.S. action. Kennedy passed up the opportunity of invading Cuba and destroying the Castro regime—not primarily because of world opinion but because of his calculation of the risks.

- **THE CONGO.** When Patrice Lumumba was murdered by his own native political enemies, a worldwide propaganda drive turned the unstable and squalid rabble-rouser into a martyr and tried to pin the deed on the CIA. Attempting to woo the Afro-Asian segment of world opinion, the Kennedy Administration joined the clamor against Lumumba's former enemies and supported the U.N. war against Moïse Tshombe's Katanga province. Since then the U.S. has switched, is supporting Tshombe as the man who can conceivably avert chaos in the Congo and who so far has been successful in suppressing the Red-backed rebels. While nationalist African opinion still fulminates against this U.S. policy, a great many African leaders have quietly begun to accept it.

From such examples certain axioms emerge: 1) there is no single world opinion, but many different ones, condi-

tioned by blocs, regions, self-interest and shibboleths; 2) all sides use world opinion to bolster their own preconceived ideas; 3) while some memories linger longer than others, world opinion subsides quickly in the face of accomplished fact, and it does not argue indefinitely with success; 4) the free world, because it is free, is more sensitive to adverse opinion than the Communists.

While the Russians obviously prefer favorable opinion when they can get it, and on one or two occasions have been swayed by overwhelming opposition in the U.N., they are massively indifferent to criticism, as they have shown when they put up the Berlin Wall and suppressed the Hungarian revolution. The Chinese demonstrated an even greater indifference when they conquered Tibet and invaded India.

The Communist propaganda apparatus is busy nowadays with intramural squabbling between the Russians and Chinese, but its main purpose remains: to discredit the free world, through ideological friends and dupes as well as through agents. It enlists a network of ostensibly independent papers, stoops to clumsy but temporarily harassing forgeries usually purported to be U.S. documents showing American diplomats engaged in subversion of neutralist governments. It can spark ventures like the protest movement against the execution in 1953 of the convicted spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were able to claim in one of their last petitions that "never have more people, in all lands and all walks of life, been so shaken as by our imminent fate."

The greatest danger lies not in outright propaganda but in the power of illusion. A large part of world opinion still insists that John Kennedy was the victim of an extremist plot. Again and again, with or without help from Red propaganda, such terms as "imperialism," "intervention," "exploitation" and "fallout" produce outbursts of unreasoning prejudice. Semantics run wild, or merely sloppy. Such labels as "mercenaries" for the government soldiers in the Congo and "constitutionalists" for the rebels in the present Dominican crisis, are picked up and repeated, subtly changing the climate of opinion.

Listening & Leading

"A great country worthy of the name," De Gaulle is said to have remarked recently, "does not have any friends." That is not the American definition of greatness. The State Department's Harlan Cleveland makes a shrewd and significant distinction between popularity and public support: the U.S. does not need to court popularity, but it wants and often needs support. It is easy to become cynical about world opinion and to conclude that it should be ignored completely. But to do so implies that world opinion is always against the U.S. and that the U.S. can do nothing about it—which is false.

The U.S. itself is certainly a leading maker of world opinion. Other nations knowingly accept American techniques and, sometimes unwittingly, American values. The U.S. can and does argue its case with the force of freedom's reason. Yet U.S. institutions can also be baffling to international opinion, and U.S. policies are often inconsistent. In the spirit of a "decent respect to the opinions of mankind," the U.S. perhaps needs to announce its purposes more clearly and then act on them fearlessly. In influencing the minds of men, it is more important to state than to reply, to proclaim the truth than to refute accusations. The U.S. should not be afraid to seem to bend with world opinion if doing so is in its pragmatic interest. But above all, the U.S. should never buckle to adverse opinion, or use it as an excuse to pursue bad policies, or be untrue to itself in order to gain approval.

The essence of leadership is to know when to ignore opinion, when to accede to it—and when to try to marshal it. In his extremely earthy style—which at times still shocks world opinion—Lyndon Johnson expressed this idea recently as he was sitting through a Viet Nam briefing by State Department experts. Persistent, fretful warnings cropped up concerning a better image for the U.S. and its Chief Executive in the eyes of the world. The President took it for a while, then blurted out: "You guys are so busy saving my face, you're going to lose me my pants!"

THE WORLD

EUROPE

Better Late Than Never

For weeks, *Hausfrauen* all over West Germany have been practicing *Hofknickse* (curtsies). At the Munich mint, eight gold commemorative coins had been struck: a Cologne record company brought out *The Queen Elizabeth Fox-trot*. In Bonn, 15,000 champagne glasses were ordered, and mobile lavatories were trundled in from Cologne for a state reception for 2,500 at Augustusburg Castle. It was all part of the feverish preparations for the eleven-day, 1,200-mile tour by Britain's Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip of ten West German cities, the first state visit by a reigning British monarch since Edward VII paid his last call on Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1909.

It was meant to be more, even, than a state visit. Officially, it was the formal return of the visit by Germany's late President Theodor Heuss to Buckingham Palace in 1958. The glacial response he got then and the deep-rooted hostility many Britons still harbor toward their wartime enemies delayed the return engagement seven years, until German protocol officials had privately given up hope. Finally, last spring the Conservative government decided to find out whether the past was indeed past, and last fall incoming Prime Minister Harold Wilson concurred. As Chancellor Ludwig Erhard put it, the royal visit was intended to be "the ultimate reconciliation which both our nations have sought."

"Smile More, Your Majesty." Elizabeth and Philip, who between them have at least as much German blood as English, seemed the model monarchs

for such an undertaking.* Yet somehow the visit got off to a chilly start as heavy rains and moth-hall size hailstones pelted the top-hatted German Cabinet, waiting with President Heinrich Lübke and Erhard for Elizabeth's airplane to touch down at the Bonn-Cologne airport. The sun came out before she landed, but squishing along the soggy red carpet, and then splashing through puddles to inspect her 270-man guard of honor from the German air force, navy and army, the Queen grimaced with distaste.

Her British advisers might have recommended a bit more warmth of approach that afternoon, as her closed Mercedes whisked the Queen from her official residence, the Petersberg Hotel on the heights of the Siebengebirge, across the Rhine to Bonn. Clearly, the Germans were hoping for more than the genteel reserve that England expects of its Queen. The mass-circulation Bild Zeitung ran three photos of Elizabeth's glum face and begged, "Please smile more, Your Majesty."

Freedom & Peace. That night, at the state banquet at Augustusburg Castle, resplendent in a jewel-encrusted blue and white gown designed to match the

baroque décor, she came out with a political plea, clearly dictated by Harold Wilson, in favor of West Germany's most popular principle. "In the last 20 years," she said, "the problems facing our two peoples have brought us closer together again. It is now our task to defend civilization in freedom and peace together. That is why we wholeheartedly support your natural wish for peaceful reunification."

Elizabeth must have read the papers, for the next day, at the Bonn city hall, she was positively beaming. When she laid a wreath on the nearby Beethoven monument, the crowd responded with loud cheers and chants of "Eliz-a-bet, Eliz-a-bet." That night, after entertaining 88 dignitaries at dinner atop the Petersberg, the Queen and her guests stepped onto the terrace to watch "The Rhine in Flames," a dramatic fireworks display that covered the river halfway to Koblenz, 30 miles away.

Honeymoon Route. After taking leave of President Lübke and Chancellor Erhard, the royal couple journeyed up the Rhine past the famous rock of the Lorelei (the same route Victoria and Albert took on their honeymoon) and dined near Darmstadt with Prince Ludwig of Hesse and Rhine—the Queen's distant cousin and Philip's brother-in-law—in his 18th century hunting castle. It was in Bavaria, home of Germany's most unreconstructed royalists, that their warmest welcome awaited them. In Munich, schools were dismissed; the streets were lined by 8 a.m., two hours before the royal train

* Both are great-great-grandchildren of Britain's Queen Victoria, herself a descendant of Britain's Hanoverian kings, and Germany's Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and they have an estimated 400 royal relatives in Germany. The name of the British royal house was changed in 1917 by George V, Elizabeth's grandfather, from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor (whereupon Kaiser Wilhelm II, George's first cousin, gleefully called for a performance of *The Merry Wives of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha*). Philip is a Mountbatten, a name also Anglicized in 1917 from Battenberg.



ELIZABETH (WITH LÜBKE) REVIEWING HONOR GUARD

A heritage of hostility, a soggy red carpet, and a plea for smiles.



ROYAL COUPLE & RELATIVES AT SALEM

arrived, and the Abendzeitung hung out a banner headline: GRÜSS GOTT, MAJESTÄT (God's blessing, Your Majesty).

Before taking off for a weekend at Salem Castle on Lake Constance with Philip's sister the Dowager Margravine of Baden, Elizabeth visited the Nymphenburg porcelain factory in Munich and watched the German Olympics equestrian team go through its paces. Over a lunch of lobster *Vierjahreszeiten*, duckling à *Torango*, peaches Bavarian and four German wines, she heard Bavaria's Premier Alfons Goppel talk of the need for friendship between Britain and Germany. "We have been slow, perhaps, in realizing this," he said. "But there the famous phrase of your nation applies—better late than never."

GREAT BRITAIN

For Queen & Country

Historian Walter Bagehot a century ago defined the English system as "government by discussion," and since his day, the teething ring of its rulers has been Oxford's debating society, the Oxford Union. In its hall, which is arranged along lines of the House of Commons, future Prime Ministers from William Ewart Gladstone to Harold Macmillan have honed their skills by debating everything from socialism to "Resolved: That in the opinion of this House, Columbus went too far." So respected is the Oxford Union that when in 1933 it resolved "That this House would not fight for King and Country," a storm of controversy swept Britain, and historians as authoritative as Winston Churchill have said that Hitler and Mussolini pursued their plans on the theory that all Britain was going pacifist.

Blimpish Bark. Last week the Union debated the same resolution (now, of course, "for Queen and Country"), and the storm was almost as violent. The man responsible was Tariq Ali, 21, a publicity-happy Pakistani studying at Oxford's Exeter College, who as president of the Union selects the topic of its weekly debates. His choice won him threats from Britain's fledgling Ku Klux Klan ("Watch out, you dirty wog"), four television appearances (worth \$56), and 18 newspaper interviews. Letters poured in to editors, who responded with crisp editorials, and the BBC said it would televise the debate. Ali's cup ranneth over when two trustees of the Union resigned and a third, Sir David Lindsay Keir, 70, barked Blimpishly, "I have served my Queen and country [from 1915 to 1917], and I object to being told what to do by someone who comes from a country which has no allegiance to the Crown. We might have to take advice from Eskimos and Hottentots next."

Reversed Decision. The televised debate itself was an anticlimax. Mat-maned lads and lasses who had come along to vote (some of them more than once) yelped cheerfully when Oxford Student Rip Bulkeley maintained that



MAUDLING ADDRESSING OXFORD UNION
"We fight for mankind."

he opposed the defense of Britain but would be willing to bear arms "against the Rhodesians, South Africans or what have you." Guest Speaker Sir Richard Acland, 58, an ex-Labor M.P. who left the party because it was too conservative in 1955, sniffed that he considered Harold Wilson's administration capable of assessing the national peril "only if 50 million Siberian soldiers were climbing the cliffs of Dover in muffled boots."

Only one speaker made what could be described as sense. Guest Reginald Maudling, the Tory Shadow Foreign Secretary, argued in favor of standing by Britain and her allies, because "an individual cannot exist outside the complex of rights and duties that bind us all together. By fighting for Queen and country we fight for mankind." To his great astonishment, Maudling received a huge ovation, and the students defeated the resolution by a vote of 493 to 466.

FRANCE

The First Foray

Charles de Gaulle has yet to announce his candidacy, but any who doubted his intention of seeking a second term in this year's presidential election had only to watch him in action last week to change their minds. Sweeping out of Paris in the first major foray of the election year, *le grand Charles* was grandly in the running.

The setting could scarcely have been better for his purposes: four Western departments (Vendée, Maine-et-Loire, Mayenne and Sarthe), all warmly Gaullist, all heavily Catholic, all refreshingly rural. Sun and showers alternately splashed the meadows as the presidential cortege—a mile-long column of black limousines punctuated by thundering motorcycles—struck sonorously past ranks of poplars and blue-legged

gendarmes. In village after village, De Gaulle repeated the tried and true routine: a ritual exchange with the awed mayor, a Lyndon-like lunge into the thicket of outstretched hands, a brief utterance from the hunting-draped platform, then the *Marseillaise* and a hearty "Vive la France!"

The Tiger & the Ducks. The main theme of De Gaulle's speeches was equally familiar and equally effective: "Our destiny is called national prosperity." But through it, he wove the even headier subthemes of national pride and France's independence of the U.S. At the beach resort of Sables-d'Olonne, he cried, "This country, this France which has bound its wounds, is recovering its power, its influence; this France which is increasingly reckoned with from one end of the world to the other . . ." In Sainte-Hermine, he laid a wreath at the monument to Georges Clemenceau, the French "Tiger" of World War I, and said: "Today, France is as Clemenceau would have wished: independent, free, mistress of her destiny."

Again and again, De Gaulle drew cheers by denouncing the Yalta agreements of 1945, which, as he put it, had created "the two hegemonies [Russia and the U.S.] which menace international peace." Again and again, he promised local mayors aid from Paris, usually in the form of tight industries that would stanch the outflow of young people to the cities. In some villages, De Gaulle's rewards came in more substantial form than mere cheering: countrymen presented him with everything from a case of oysters to a brace of ducks.

Leftists & Centrists. But it was the cheering that pleased De Gaulle most, and the roaring crowds seemed to energize him. It all boded ill for De Gaulle's only serious presidential opponent,

* Presiding at left: Tariq Ali.



DE GAULLE GREETING CROWD IN VENDÉE

He's for: prosperity, national pride, local aid and independence.

Marseille's Socialist Mayor Gaston Defferre, over whom *le grand Charles* holds a massive 4-to-1 advantage in public-opinion soundings.

Nonetheless, Defferre is still fighting. Last month he proposed a "federation" of democrats and Socialists—a grouping of leftists and centrists loosely made up of Socialists, Popular Republicans, and members of the "moderate" political clubs that abound in France. The federation would, in effect, weld France's traditionally splintered left and center parties into a functioning opposition that could seriously challenge the Gaullists—if not now, then in the future. The Christian-Democratic Popular Republicans seem willing enough to submerge themselves in Defferre's federation; it is the Socialists' Guy Mollet who has so far shown no sympathy with the plan. But with the election now only six months away, the pressures on Mollet are considerable. As *Le Monde* observed: "If the possibility of defeating De Gaulle exists, it is through the federation."

WEST GERMANY

End of the Scandal

In the fall of 1962, the news magazine *Der Spiegel* published a cover story holding its all-time favorite enemy, Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, responsible for a long list of deficiencies in West Germany's defenses. What happened next reminded Germans of a part of their heritage most of them would rather forget.

Squads of security police stormed into the magazine's Hamburg headquarters and its bureau in Bonn, ransacking files and arresting everyone in sight. Publisher Rudolf Augstein was held without bail, and Military Editor Conrad Ahlers was forcibly sent back from a vacation in Spain. In the De-

fense Ministry, Strauss issued a hastily prepared memorandum charging that *Der Spiegel* had betrayed military secrets. In the Bundestag, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer shook with rage as he denounced "an abyss of treason in this land." The public and press reacted in a different way. "Gestapo!" roared newspapers throughout the land. Students marched in protest in Hamburg, Munich and Berlin. Five Cabinet officers resigned, forcing Adenauer to fire Strauss.

Last week, 21 years after it had begun, the noisy political scandal formally ended in vindication for *Der Spiegel*. After interminable delays, Chief Federal Prosecutor Ludwig Martin had finally submitted his case to a federal court in Karlsruhe, which threw it out. In its written decision, the court observed caustically that most of the "military secrets" exposed in the story were not secrets at all: they had already been published elsewhere.

BERLIN

Flight of the Gypsy Baron

Newspaper boys were still delivering Sunday morning papers when the door of the fashionable ten-room house on Gelfert Strasse opened and two people walked out into the sunlight. The man was tall and burly, his mane of dark wavy hair streaked with grey. His wife was plain and wore her dark blonde hair brushed back over her ears in a severe boyish bob. Absorbed in quiet argument, they walked along the tree-lined street to a neighborhood park, where they talked some more. Then, arm in arm, they returned to the house, and the man bade his wife farewell.

A few minutes later, Wladyslaw Tykocinski, 44, approached a U.S. Army sergeant outside the snack bar of the nearby American-sector PX, identified

himself as the chief of the Polish Military Mission to West Berlin, and asked for political asylum.

Tykocinski, who for eight years had been the ranking Polish diplomat in West Berlin, was the most important Communist to defect to the West in years. He was also one of the most puzzling. Known to fellow diplomats as "the Gypsy Baron," Tykocinski is a gregarious bear of a man who liked to claim he was "a socialist but not a Communist." Nevertheless, he enjoyed the full confidence of his government, for the Berlin post was obviously a major intelligence center, and last year he was awarded Poland's Commander Cross for outstanding services. Outside the PX last week, he gave up his wife, his 17-month-old son, and the comforts and prestige of a successful diplomatic career for the uncertain life of an exile in the free world.

To compound the mystery came news that another unhappy Pole had made his way to the West earlier in the month. Using a diplomatic passport to pass through East German border guards, 19-year-old Marek Radomski appeared at West Berlin's Checkpoint Charlie on May 5, told the American MPs on duty that he was "sick of the miserable life under Communism." The young defector's father is an attaché in Poland's embassy in East Berlin and is rumored to be chief of Polish intelligence in all East Germany.

RUSSIA

Epitaph for a Killer

The career of Author Ilya Ehrenburg, 74, spans the history of modern Russia from Czarism through Lenin's Bolshevik Revolution, Stalin's years of terror, and the gentler years of the old killer's successors. Ehrenburg managed to survive it all by saying just enough of the right things and keeping a discreet tongue about the wrongs around him. Last week, in the final chapters of his rambling memoirs, *People, Years, Life*, Ehrenburg reminisced on the darker side of the Stalin era.

"I would just like to explain to the readers why I did not like Stalin," he wrote, because "a new generation is growing now that knew nothing of the stormy applause [for Stalin] and the nights when we listened for the noises on the stairs. I realized that Stalin, in his nature and favorite methods, resembled the politicians of the Italian Renaissance.

"Among those who perished were my close friends, and nobody would succeed in convincing me that they were traitors. Sergei Eisenstein [the famous Soviet movie director] told me of his meetings with Stalin, who spoke of the necessity to extol Ivan the Terrible and added that Peter the Great didn't cut off enough heads." Summing up his thoughts about Stalin, Ehrenburg says: "If he just read the list of all his victims, he would not have been able to do anything else."

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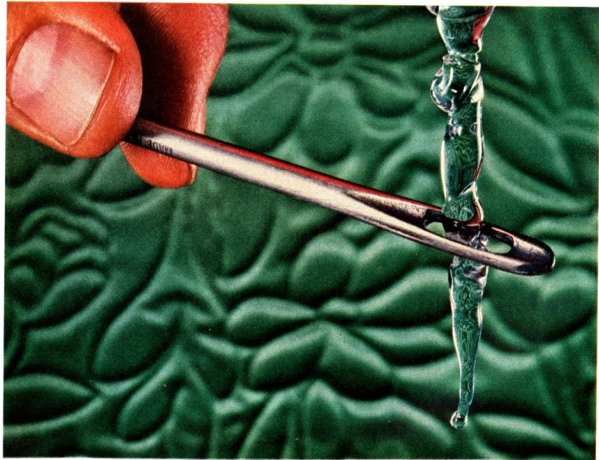
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THAILAND

The Rural Revolution

Whatever the outcome of Viet Nam's vicious war, the next target of Communist aggression in Southeast Asia will doubtless be Thailand. Already the nation's six northeastern provinces, whose population of 10 million is double that of Cambodia, are being probed by Communist terror and subversion. More than a dozen village officials have been assassinated; Communist arms, men and propaganda filter across the Mekong River from Red-infected Laos in ever-increasing volume. The Thai Communist Party has vowed to "drive the U.S. imperialists out and overthrow the traitorous, fascist and dictatorial Bangkok government." Fortunately, the Bangkok government, backed by U.S. aid, has for the past three years been preparing the battleground to its own advantage.

The Three Ms. Last week Thailand's rural revolution was in full swing. Even as the first monsoons turned the dusty red roads of the northeast into glutinous scars, hundreds of Mobile Development Unit personnel were crisscrossing the area in Jeeps, junks and oxcarts, spreading Western technology and anti-Communist temerity like spring rice. The propaganda was even fun. Through the northeast's villages rumbled government-sponsored Mobile Information Teams, carrying everything but a merry-go-round. While some teammates distributed schoolbooks, pencils and pictures of King Bhumibol, others tended a queue of sick peasants. Over all blared the tape-recorded music of Thailand's bawdy *mohlam* singers, singing of love in the classroom and warning villagers to "Diversify Your Crops!" or "Concentrate on the Three Ms: *Muu*, *Maay* and *Mapraw* [pigs, silkworms and coconuts!]"

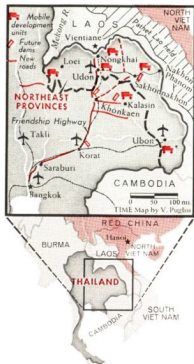
After the Mobile Information Teams

come engineers, surveyors, drillers and dam builders—trained largely by the U.S. and equipped with \$2,500,000 worth of American machinery. Since 1950 the U.S. has granted Thailand more than \$290 million in nonmilitary aid. Two years ago, only one-third of the U.S. aid was going to the northeast; today the northeast is getting about two-thirds of the total.

Learning from TV. Much of that money went into a sound, economic infrastructure for the northeast. The newly completed 380-mile "Friendship Highway," with its 500 miles of feeder roads, cuts the travel time between Bangkok and the Laotian border from weeks (depending on the weather) to a mere eight hours, at the same time opening vast new markets for the northeast's cash crops of jute, tobacco and maize. Last week more than 300 vehicles an hour were moving along the highway. And if Communist aggression ever comes to Thailand on the scale of Viet Nam, the highway and its offshoots can carry troops and supplies into combat much more readily than the mud trails of the past.

Ironically, the highway has bred an aggression no one expected. With the advent of modern transportation, the northeast's endemic bandit population switched from cattle rustling to highway robbery. The region's 30 holdup gangs now roar down the Friendship Highway in hot rods, pulling abreast of buses and firing shots across their bows, then relieving their passengers of cash and jewelry. Many of the bandits, according to Thai police, learned their holdup techniques by watching U.S. westerns on TV sets supplied to most villages for propaganda purposes.

Bamboo & Buffalo Blood. Off the highway stand U.S.-built jet strips from which American fighter-bombers have been flying to hit Laotian and North Vietnamese Communist targets. Udon



and Ubon, Korat and Takli all rumble daily to the pulse of supersonic assault. At Korat enough equipment to supply an entire infantry brigade has been stored against the day when that many U.S. troops might arrive on the scene. At the same time, Thailand has set up "Special Operations Centers" from which elite Thai army units, modeled on the U.S. Special Forces, patrol the Mekong borders, gather intelligence, and help the tribesmen of the region.

Although hunger is rare in the northeast (80% of the region's 10 million population own their own land), malnutrition is common due to primitive diets. In language and customs the northeasterners are more akin to the Lao than to the other 20 million Thais. They are fond of hard liquor, consuming vast quantities of a home-brewed rice whisky called *lao khao*, which burns with a fine blue flame when ignited. Their staple food is rice and *pla raa*—raw fish that has been allowed to rot for as long as six months. They also eat tarantulas drenched with fermented fish juice, bamboo shoots marinated in buffalo blood, ant eggs, fried bee larvae and tree lizards in chili sauce. These dishes are tasty, but they also contain liver flukes, hookworms and other parasites; as a result, fully 90% of all northeasterners suffer from one or another debilitating disease. Government teams dose whole villages with worming medicines, distribute pamphlets saying, "Please eat hot food," but it will be generations before the northeasterners change their diets completely.

Steps Toward Progress. Though the northeast gets less rain than Thailand's lush central plain—the nation's rice



U.S. SUPPLY DEPOT AT KORAT
Pencils, pictures and highwaymen in hot-roads.

howl, much coveted by Red China—it is bordered by the Mekong and riven by countless streams. The scope for new dams, canals, wells and reservoirs is enormous, and government teams have already built scores of minor waterworks. Still, only 4,000 of the 14,000 villages have enough drinking and irrigation water at hand. Many have to cart water in by ox team from miles away. And the Communists do not hesitate to make political capital from technical progress: a dam planned for the Nampong region will cause resettlement of 20,000 people, and the clandestine Red radio is already whipping up sentiment against the government.

Nonetheless, the \$70 million investment in the northeast has bought the government of Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn time in which to take further steps toward progress. The belief that the government really means to help them is spreading among the northeasterners. Villagers in provinces where rural development work has not begun are asking local officials when their turn will come. Indeed, when the Interior Minister, General Prapas Charussatira, visited the town of Nongkhai to initiate an aid program, he was welcomed as a bearer of good omens. On the day of his arrival, Mekong fishermen netted a 5-ft., 200-lb. catfish—a rare catch and the first of the year. It was served—cooked—at a welcoming banquet.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Shattered Filigree

To Saigon's cynics, it seemed like old home week. There, once again, were the Skyriders of Air Force Commander Nguyen Cao Ky circling the capital on the lookout for armored columns; there stood the government tanks in a protective cordon around national police headquarters; and there came the worried voice of the Premier over the radio, urging calm and asking help from all to "eliminate the traitors so as to maintain the stability which is necessary for final victory." Another coup had been nipped in the bud.

This one, according to Premier Phan Huy Quat, was instigated by the same group of dissident Catholic army officers who engineered the abortive coup d'état of Feb. 19—an upheaval that failed in its main purpose, but ultimately led to the ouster of goateed General Nguyen Khanh. Quat claimed that "rebels" this time had infiltrated his bodyguard and planned to assassinate him. Less believable was the government charge that two Viet Cong battalions were standing in the wings, ready to move into Saigon during the confusion that certainly would have followed.

Just how the government uncovered the plot was purposely left unclear, but an army captain was gunned down "trying to escape," and more than 40 "dissidents" were arrested, most of them Catholic. Among them, according to one report: Colonel Trang Van Chinh,



SHASTRI IN LENINGRAD
A chiding, and silence.

chief of military security. Still at large, however, were General Lam Van Phat and Colonel Pham Ngoc Thao, ringleaders of the February attempt, who are under sentence of death following trial in absentia.

Whether Quat's charges were true or not, one thing was sadly certain: the coup attempt and mass arrests shattered the fragile filigree of stability that had marked Quat's 14-week-old civilian regime and ended the restless truce between South Viet Nam's warring Buddhists and Catholics. Quat was forced to postpone the Cabinet reshuffle, planned for last week, that would have eliminated the last two military members of his government. At week's end the capital seethed with plots and counterplots, and few doubted that there would be an encore.



QUAT (RIGHT) & AIDE
A flurry, and worry.

INDIA

"A Neutral Attitude"

India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri had gone to Moscow with high hopes of a major diplomatic achievement. He came home last week with a good deal less.

Russia's fence-straddling new bosses, Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin, provided no public backing for India against Pakistan in the bitter Rann of Kutch controversy; not a word of support against the Chinese Communists, who for years have been nibbling at India's Himalayan borders; not even a clear-cut promise of more aid and trade. In fact, the Russians chided India for failing to use fully the aid already pledged—\$1 billion, or roughly one-fifth of what the U.S. has given—and for not developing full capacity at the woefully inefficient Ranchi heavy-machine plant, built by Russia for \$46.3 million.

On the other hand, Shastri played neatly into Moscow's hands by signing a joint communiqué that demanded immediate cessation of American bombing in North Viet Nam. Explaining the vague communiqué to reporters, Shastri claimed that the Kutch dispute was not mentioned because Russia did not want to interfere with British diplomatic efforts at settling the squabble. The joint silence over Red China's latest atomic explosion, he said, reflected "a neutral attitude."

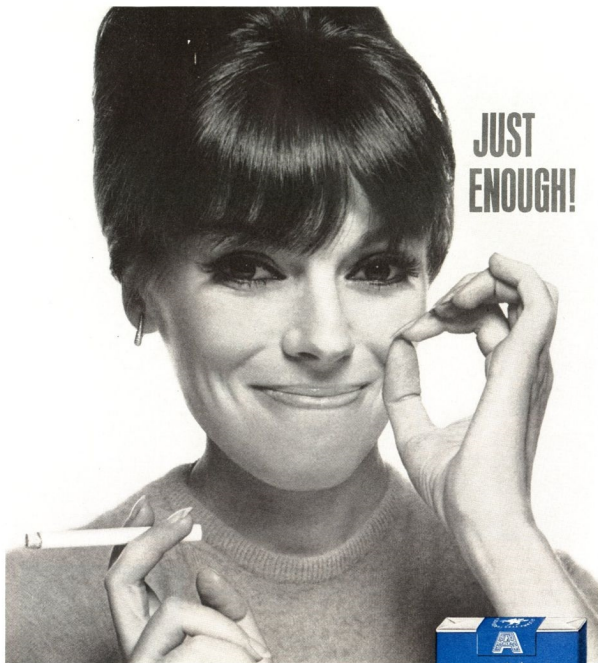
PAKISTAN

The Terrible Twins

Two disasters hit Pakistan last week, one as modern as the jet age, one as ancient as the wind on the face of the waters. Approaching Cairo, a Pakistani International Airlines Boeing 720B, inaugurating a new Karachi-Cairo-London run, developed engine trouble and crashed. All but six of its 130 passengers and crew were killed, including 21 Pakistani newsmen. "It was the will of God," said Gala Alkarini, one survivor, as seven baboons that had been in the luggage compartment capered, unharmed, amid the smoking ruins.

Meanwhile, up the Bay of Bengal into East Pakistan raged one of the huge cyclones that commonly rise at the start of the monsoon. Winds howling up to 100 m.p.h. washed 13-ft. tidal waves over the narrow channels of the Ganges delta, flooding the alluvial fields, smashing and flattening the green stalks of the vital jute crop, ripping apart banana, betel nut and coconut palm plantations, uprooting giant mango orchards and inundating thousands of acres of rice. In East Pakistan's capital of Dacca, 125 miles from the sea, millions spent four terrified hours in the dead of night as banshee winds raked off corrugated iron hut roofs and wailed them around telephone poles, shredded power lines and choked water mains and wells with brine.

Toll: between \$300 and \$600 million in property damage, including 50,000



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ARMS CONVOY IN KENYA
A matter of mud?

cattle and 5,000,000 homes. More than 12,000 Pakistanis were dead, mostly drowned. It was the worst season since 1960, when two storms a fortnight apart killed 16,000, though it was small compared to the disaster of 1876, when 100,000 drowned in 30 minutes.

EAST AFRICA

Three's a Crowd

Not so long ago, the three former British East African nations of Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda were talking ambitiously of joining together in political federation. There was easy agreement to maintain the joint rail, air and postal services handed down by the British, and all three nations continued using the East African shilling as the common currency. A common market was developed, with a Central Legislative Assembly to govern it. Last year the three good neighbors even agreed to divvy up future industrial development equally among them.

Short Cut. Suddenly, however, the partnership threatens to fall apart—largely over a convoy of eleven heavy trucks. The trucks, operated by the Uganda army, ran into a police ambush on a lonely bush road in south-western Kenya. Their cargo was hardly of the common-market variety: 75 tons of Chinese weapons, which they were conveying from Tanzania to Uganda. What were they doing in Kenya? Taking a short cut, said the convoy commander, and besides, the direct road between Tanzania and Uganda was too muddy.

In Nairobi, Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta found the whole affair too muddy—especially in view of police reports that an even larger convoy had probably traveled earlier over the same road. Kenyatta, who recently refused a shipload of Russian arms for his own army, ordered the convoy confiscated, arrested its 47-man escort on charges of arms smuggling.

No Games. That brought an urgent telephone call from Uganda Internal Affairs Minister Felix Onama, who

said it had all been an unfortunate mistake, demanded his convoy back. Kenyatta was in no mood to play games. After an emergency Cabinet meeting, he delivered a thinly veiled denunciation of both Uganda and Tanzania for "an act of criminal folly and a serious violation of Kenya's territorial integrity." When Uganda Premier Milton Obote telephoned to try to smooth things over, Kenyatta refused to speak to him. When a Tanzania spokesman announced airily that "this has nothing to do with us," Kenyatta fired off a diplomatic note holding Tanzania just as guilty as Uganda.

Enraged, Tanzania and Uganda threatened to break up the common market unless Kenyatta handed over the arms, and only a hurried motion for adjournment prevented their delegates from walking out of a Central Legislative Assembly meeting in Nairobi. At week's end Assembly Secretary-General Dunstan Omari was frantically trying to arrange an emergency East African summit conference to repair the damage. His prospects were not improved by the announcement in Dar es Salaam that the original owner of the arms, Chinese Communist Premier Chou En-lai, will pay a friendly visit to Tanzania early next month.

SUDAN

Toward Democracy

To many Sudanese Moslems, Mohammed Ahmed was more than a national hero. He was El Mahdi—the Messiah—legendary descendant of the Prophet and leader of the Whirling Dervishes, who massacred the British at Khartoum in 1885, breaking 65 years of foreign occupation.

El Mahdi's legend lives on. Victorious in the Sudan's first free elections after six years of military rule was his 29-year-old great-grandson, Sadik el Mahdi, a tall (6 ft. 3 in.), bearded economist who took honors at Oxford. In a conservative electoral sweep, El Mahdi's Umma (Nation) Party won the biggest block of seats in the new Na-

tional Assembly, which will convene next month. Two other Moslem conservative groups were its only serious competition. The tightly organized Communists were defeated in the few contests they entered.

The Sudan could use a new Messiah. Dictator Ibrahim Abboud, the army general who grabbed power in 1958, was overthrown last fall, and Interim Prime Minister Serr el Khatim el Khalifa has been hard put to hold the country together. The Negro south, long restive, went into open rebellion against Arab rule, and its demands for independence forced Khalifa to go ahead with the balloting only in the northern two-thirds of the nation. A leftist minority within his own Cabinet tried to sabotage the elections altogether and seize power for itself. Under heavy leftist pressure, Khalifa turned the nation into a supply base and haven for the Congolese rebels—whose divided and defeated leaders spent most of last week conferring with him in Khartoum.

The Simbas' sojourn seemed about over, however, for El Mahdi has no sympathy for leftist causes, and he too was in Khartoum last week, busily hammering together the government that will take office when Khalifa's mandate expires next month. El Mahdi hopes to form a broad conservative coalition Cabinet as the first step in reunifying the Sudan. To end the Negro rebellion, he plans to offer the south "a large measure of local self-government," guarantee it at least three posts on the 15-member Cabinet, outlaw discrimination. He also intends to push for a constitution that would give the added stability of a presidential government—and stipulate that the Vice President be an African southerner. As for the top job, El Mahdi will pick someone else from among his conservative cronies, for he does not want it. "I do not intend to occupy public office," he says. "I shall busy myself with organization."



EL MAHDI
A new Messiah?



Who's taking care of the inner man in outer space?

Environment helps to determine nutritional needs. What is good for a space man to eat in his earthy environment may be a pain in his stomach when he is on the moon.

For short space trips conventional food concentrates can be taken along. But for prolonged flights scientists are currently experimenting with new dietary substances that are both light in weight and high in calories.

Tests are being made on a number

of chemicals which appear to contain the right balance of carbon and oxygen for high caloric value and digestibility. One that shows promise is a clear liquid called 1,3 butylene glycol. The only commercial maker of 1,3-BG in the United States is the Celanese Corporation of America.

Earthbound people are already benefiting from 1,3-BG. It can be used as a plasticizer in cellophane food wraps. It can keep things that should be moist,

like shredded coconut and tobacco, from drying out.

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IBM computers help man bring the moon closer

AMERICA continues to take great steps forward in its program to put men on the moon. The Gemini flight by Astronauts Virgil Grissom and John Young marked many "firsts" in U.S. space travel.

For the first time, our astronauts had a digital computer on board to help them navigate.

It was a miniaturized IBM computer, no larger than a suitcase—but here are the new capabilities it brings to the space program.

Astronauts may now take control

• *It means that our astronauts may now maneuver their spacecraft using information mainly provided by their on-board IBM computer.*

• The IBM computer supplies calculations for orbital maneuvers, and instantly provides the astronauts with information on the performance of their spacecraft.

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III and Saturn I—on over 50 unmanned missions for NASA and the Air Force.

IBM ground-based computers and crews also assist NASA in mission computation and worldwide tracking for the U.S. space program.

The moon moves closer

The day following the Gemini flight, Ranger IX scored a perfect bull's-eye in crater Alphonsus, televising back the best pictures to date of the lunar surface.

IBM computers helped NASA scientists monitor and calculate corrections in Ranger's course, at the California Institute of Technology Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

Other scientists used IBM computers to double the sharpness of Ranger's pictures and even to draw contour maps of the moon.

When an Apollo spacecraft is lifted to the moon, its launcher, Saturn V, will have an even more advanced on-board IBM computer to guide it.

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PEOPLE

For shame, Scotland Yard! Nobody in England ought to be able to get away with kidnaping toffs, and they certainly shouldn't be able to keep the victim stashed away for four whole years. The caper involved the **Duke of Wellington**, stolen by a slick artnaper from London's National Gallery in 1961 just after the British government had spent \$392,000 to buy the Goya masterpiece back from U.S. Oilman Charles B. Wrightman. While sleuths looked high and low, the thief sent ransom notes, first demanding full value, then offering to settle for \$140,000. "When the fuss has died down, the painting will return," predicted Gallery Director Sir Philip Hendy. So it has, in good condition, wrapped in brown paper and left in a Birmingham railroad station.

*So I can say with impunity
That New York is a city of
opportunity . . .*

*That's why I really think New York
is exquisite.*

And even nicer to live in than to visit.

He may have once thought so. But after 13 years **Ogden Nash** came to the conclusion that it was time for him to go. Manhattan was no longer up his alley. The cost of living! Twelve bucks for a dozen lilies of the valley. So he packed up pun pen and went back where he lived before. To Baltimore. There, he sang the oriole's springtime song: "I'm back, where I belong."

There was a black patch over her left eye because she still suffers from double vision. Her right leg was encased in a steel and leather brace. Her speech was halting, sometimes garbled.



PATRICIA NEAL & FAMILY
Miracle on the mend.

The miracle was that she was alive at all, after suffering three massive strokes in Hollywood last February. In a medical triumph, doctors had saved both her and the baby she was carrying [TIME, March 26]. Now, seven months along, Actress **Patricia Neal**, 39, was leaving Los Angeles with her family to give birth and continue recuperating at their farm in Buckinghamshire, England. "I may never act again," she conceded. "If I can't, I suppose I will settle down to being just a wife."

Ever since their first tender meeting at a Las Vegas blackjack table four years ago, **Phyllis McGuire**, 34, youngest of the three singing McGuire Sisters, has been the constant companion of Chicago Mobster Sam Giancana, 56. So it was inevitable that the Chicago federal grand jury investigating Giancana's



PHYLLIS MCGUIRE
Encounter at the blackjack table.

crime syndicate would ask her to sing a little. Phyllis warbled for 1 hr. 15 min., reportedly telling all about their jaunts to Europe and the Caribbean but denying any knowledge of Sam's gangland affairs. And she kept right on chattering to reporters saying that "my family is heartbroken," and indicating that Sam is still her man. At last Lawyer Edward Bennet Williams thrust her firmly into a cab with a crisp "Phyllis, for God's sake, let me do the talking."

"I've just told them I'm going away for the summer. They'd be too upset if I said I wasn't coming back." On that note, lifelong British Nanny **Maud Shaw**, 59, who has tended Jacqueline Kennedy's children since Caroline was eleven days old, announced that she was retiring to the countryside. Jackie, staying on in London after giving dedicated the Runnymede memorial to her late husband, put an ad in the papers



MAUD SHAW & KENNEDYS
Farewell "for the summer."

for an "extremely reliable and competent young woman, 25-35, to look after girl of seven and boy four in New York City; English or French native language.—Telephone. HYDe Park 3808 or 9666, between 10 and 12."

Up stood Critic **Lewis Mumford**, 69, outgoing president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, to address the group's annual spring meeting in Manhattan. He had a fever, and his temperature matched his mood as he launched into a bitter denunciation of U.S. policy in Viet Nam, professing to see "a rising tide of public shame and private anger at the moral outrages to which our Government has committed our country." That proved to be more than Fellow Academician **Thomas Hart Benton**, 76, the rugged Missouri muralist, could swallow. He stormed from the rostrum, fired off a telegram promising to resign from the Academy unless it "publicly repudiates your views."

There's a 17-year-old college freshman in Queens, N.Y., named **Maxine Siegel** who wants to buy a 40-year-old real live doll named **Yogi Berra**. Two weeks ago, when the New York Mets decided to get the most out of Yogi's coaching by taking him off their player roster, they put him on waivers for \$1. Explained a Mets spokesman: "Naturally, no one would claim him—it's a gentleman's agreement among clubs." Trouble is, Maxine is no gentleman. She's a Yogi fan. So she whipped off a letter to the club saying: "Since it doesn't seem like anyone really wants him, I thought I would buy him." Yogi seemed to doubt that the deal would go through: "She must have me mixed up with that TV character Yogi Bear."

MEDICINE

SURGERY

The Texas Tornado

[See Cover]

Heart disease is the top killer in the U.S. today, and strokes rank third, just behind cancer. But heart disease and strokes both develop from diseases of the arteries, and together they account for 75% of all U.S. deaths. The deadly statistics, contends Houston Surgeon Michael E. DeBakey, make cardiovascular (heart-artery) disease the most pressing problem of modern medicine.

Dr. DeBakey speaks with singular authority. Since 1948, the dexterous scalpel and deft needle of Baylor University's professor of surgery have operated on more than 10,000 human hearts and arteries. From the far cor-

the best of medical and surgical care when they fall victim to heart disease, strokes or cancer.

While admiring colleagues boggle at the versatility and variety of his accomplishments—the arterial-replacement surgery, the delicate work inside the heart, the bold approach to strokes—DeBakey races on toward more imaginative goals. Now from his busy laboratories comes the confident prediction that surgical skills may soon be equal to the ultimate achievement—the implantation in a human of an artificial heart.

Diet & Stress. His vast experience has left Surgeon DeBakey firm in the conviction that the various artery diseases have as many distinct causes as there are different kinds of fevers. He is sure that it will take long and painstaking

for final answers," he says. "There are lives to be saved today, and future illnesses to be prevented."

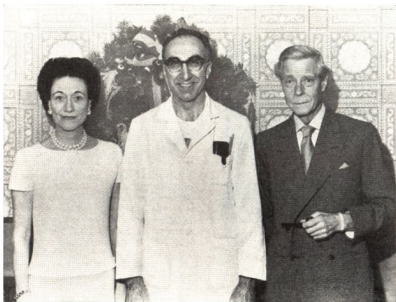
Widened Horizon. The artery disorders for which DeBakey and his colleagues have devised ever more daring surgical procedures fall into two main classes: blockages and aneurysms. Blockages may be almost anywhere—in the greatest vessel of all, the aorta, in the coronary arteries embedded in the heart wall itself, in arteries leading to the legs, and in the carotid and vertebral vessels carrying blood to the brain (see diagram, opposite page). The brain itself, however, is the province of the neurosurgeons.

Blockages in coronary arteries may go undetected for years, or cause moderately disabling disease, then suddenly become total or near-total shutdowns and cause the type of heart attacks called coronary occlusions. The reaming out of such an artery ("endarterectomy") is impossible in most cases and immensely hazardous at best.

Partial shutdowns of the aorta are sometimes caused by narrowing ("coarctation"), which may be present from birth, but more often by the later development of obstructive deposits containing calcium and cholesterol. What is responsible for these deposits is one of the basic questions not yet answered. In this area, DeBakey's work first dealt with shutdowns in the abdominal section of the aorta, because there the big blood vessel could be clamped shut well beyond the point where arteries branch off to supply the brain. The lower part of the body could be deprived of its blood supply long enough to let the surgeons cut out the diseased section and replace it with knit Dacron tubing. When the heart-lung machine became a practical adjunct in surgery, the horizon was suddenly widened. It became possible to operate anywhere along the aorta, while the machine supplied blood continuously to the brain.

Clots & Strokes. Obstructions involving the iliac, femoral and popliteal arteries supplying the legs and feet are common, and may actually begin in the aorta just before it splits to form the two main iliac arteries. A familiar feature of insufficient blood supply to the legs, which causes pain in the calf muscles so acute that the victim can hardly walk, is its on-again, off-again nature. Ten days after DeBakey has bypassed the blocked artery with a length of tubing, the patient who previously could walk no farther than a city block without disabling pain can usually go a leisurely mile.

The most daring, and still somewhat controversial, of Dr. DeBakey's innovations is an operation on arteries leading to the brain: it is done to ease the effects of a stroke and to reduce the likelihood that the patient will have more strokes. Though some strokes are the result of hemorrhaging from burst arteries, the great majority are caused by clot shutdowns where the arteries



DR. DeBAKEY & THE WINDSORS

A dexterous scalpel, a deft needle and Dacron.

ners of the earth the great and the humble have traveled to Texas to have Surgeon DeBakey patch up their arteries with Dacron or implant artificial valves of plastic and sophisticated alloys in their hearts.

To Dr. DeBakey went H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor to have a potentially fatal, grapefruit-sized aneurysm removed from his abdominal aorta (TIME, Dec. 25). And it was to Dr. DeBakey and Houston's Methodist Hospital that the TV producers of the U.S. and Europe turned a month ago when they wanted to let 300 million televiewers, aided by Comsat's Early Bird, watch an exquisitely delicate heart operation, with the surgeon literally holding a life in his hand. To Dr. DeBakey both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson turned when they needed a man to head committees and commissions to recommend means by which Americans can get

research to pinpoint all those causes and find cures or preventives. He is sure that causes and cures will eventually be found, but he is frankly disappointed with the results so far.

Diet and cholesterol are still largely unknown quantities. "We have examined thousands of arteries that had been blocked by arteriosclerosis, and we have compared the cholesterol levels of these patients with those of normal, healthy people," he says. "We can find no consistent, significant relation between the cholesterol levels and the extent and severity of the disease." The effects of stress the pragmatic surgeon dismisses with characteristic scorn: "Man was made to work, and work hard. I don't think it ever hurt anyone."

DeBakey is deeply involved in the forward-looking research that may some day do away with the need for his surgical skills. "We can't stand by and wait

are inside the skull and inaccessible. But Dr. DeBakey thinks that as many as 20% of the clots occur in the carotid and vertebral arteries, below the floor of the skull, where the surgeon can get at them through an incision in the neck.

Clothing in the carotids, as in the coronaries, results from narrowing of the vessels by atherosclerosis, the deposition of porridge-like material containing cholesterol and other complex chemicals. Again, though theories abound, no one knows the underlying cause of the process or how the sites of deposits are determined.

DeBakey did his first carotid endarterectomy in 1953. Ever since, he has been disappointed that the idea has been slow to catch on. One difficulty is that precise X-ray diagnosis, demanding great skill of the radiologist, is essential to show just which arteries are narrowed and where. Arteriography of this type is also highly uncomfortable, if not acutely painful, since the patients usually are fully conscious and only mildly sedated; partly because they must remain as cooperative as possible during the tests, partly to avoid the risks of anesthesia.

If only one of the four brainward arteries is involved, the operation is not too dangerous when done by skilled hands. But the risks increase if, as is often the case, two or even all four of the arteries are diseased. In any case, when an artery is exposed and clamped on each side of the diseased section, Dr. DeBakey has to slit it before deciding just what repair procedure will be best. It may be enough to ream out the atheromatous stuff from inside the artery. Afterward, however, simply to sew up the wound would make the artery narrower and increase the risk of a later shutdown. The reamed section must be made wider by stitching a patch of Dacron over the slit.

In many cases, the blood supply to the brain through other arteries is too tenuous for even one of them to be clamped shut for long. Then Dr. DeBakey has to install a temporary shunt of synthetic tubing while he works on the diseased section. If the blockage is too severe to be reamed out, DeBakey either leaves a permanent bypass in place or replaces the diseased section completely with a graft.

Up to the Arch. "Aneurysm," first used around A.D. 200, describes part of a vessel that has been "widened across." It remained buried in medical texts until DeBakey made it a household word. Aneurysms arise from two main causes: either an arteriosclerotic process, which weakens the artery wall, or a process by which two layers of the three-ply wall separate and blood forces them farther apart. Doctors call this second class "dissecting" aneurysms. Aneurysms are also classified by shape: sacular (like a bag) or fusiform (spindle-shaped). The sacular is likely to be on only one side of an artery, while the dissecting is usually fusiform and surrounds it.

Beginning in 1949, Dr. DeBakey diagnosed many aneurysms among aged veterans and charity patients—but usually at autopsy, for the disease was almost always fatal. Working with Dr. Denton A. Cooley, DeBakey decided that something could be done about the problem if the artery could be strengthened with a synthetic wrapping—or, better still, cut out and replaced. Freeze-dried calves' arteries and segments of human arteries taken from accident victims were tried, but grafts of Dacron tubing proved to be the answer.

Steadily, the Baylor surgeons worked their way up from simpler and more accessible aneurysms in the abdominal cavity. The advent of the heart-lung machine had the same stimulating effect on aneurysm surgery as it had on arterial obstructions: it made possible the removal of diseased sections of the aorta in the chest cavity, in and around the aortic arch, near where the arteries branch off to the arms and head. The Duke of Windsor's case was typical of the more manageable abdominal type, although his aneurysm proved to be larger than expected.

Perhaps the most forbiddingly difficult of DeBakey's aneurysm cases involved a man of 38 with a dissecting aneurysm that began in the chest cavity above the diaphragm and had not only grown in width but had also extended downward through the diaphragm, making a wide split where there is normally a tight fit. Worse still, the splitting of the arterial walls extended into parts of four branch arteries—the two renals, supplying both kidneys; the mesenteric, supplying much of the intestines; and the celiac, supplying the stomach, liver and spleen. Using a graft with six connections, Dr. DeBakey replaced the entire assemblage of arterial piping.

Triple-Play Team. Surgeon DeBakey performs such intricate operations so often that he seems to be supplied with inexhaustible energy. His 20-hour day begins before dawn, when he tackles the paper work in his den at home. His first chore at the hospital starts at 7 a.m., when he checks three adjoining operating rooms to make sure they have all been set up in accordance with orders worked out with his two chief assistants, surgeons Dr. H. Edward Garrett, 38, and Dr. Jimmy Frank Howell, 32. A typical day's schedule reads:

ROOM 3

Mrs. A.B.—mitral commissurotomy, with pump stand-by
Mr. C.D.—right carotid endarterectomy
Mr. E.F.—left carotid endarterectomy

ROOM 4

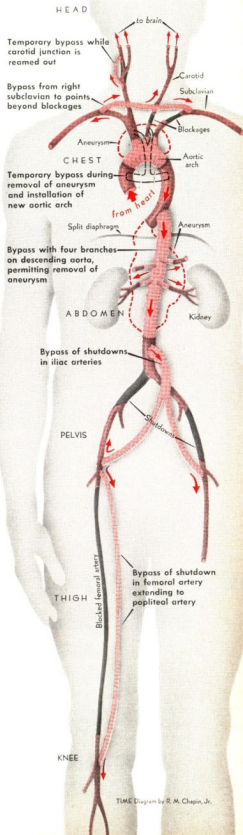
Mrs. G.H.—aortic valve replacement, with pump
Miss L.J.—mitral valve replacement, with pump
Mr. K.L.—right carotid endarterectomy

ROOM 5

Mr. M.N.—aneurysm of abdominal aorta
Mr. O.P.—right femoral-popliteal bypass; right lumbar sympathectomy
Mr. Q.R.—renal artery bypass

Surgery begins at 7:30, and J in what

ARTIFICIAL ARTERIES



TIME Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

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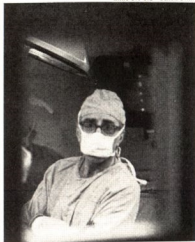
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the Houston virtuosos have come to regard as routine cases, operations may get under way in the three rooms at once, with Drs. DeBakey, Garrett and Howell each taking charge in one. If a case is expected to be of more than average difficulty, DeBakey will have Garrett or Howell as his chief assistant, facing him across the operating table.

Though DeBakey cannot do the entire operations in all the cases he schedules daily, he usually does the major part of three or four and somehow arranges the timing so that he is on hand at the most crucial stage of all the others. In his office he keeps an administrative assistant and three secretaries frantically busy. Except for business occasions, he allows no time for lunch; he keeps going by nibbling

MARC ST. GIL—BLACK STAR



DeBAKEY MASKED FOR ACTION
An incredible drive for perfection.

snacks in the office and punctuating the day with coffee.

The incredible drive for perfection, the unending concern for his patients, the utter domination of his life by his profession, have won Michael Ellis DeBakey the nickname of “the Texas Tornado.” The TV scriptwriter who created such a character would sooner or later conjure up flashbacks to a boyhood in the family drugstore and an early love for medicine. In DeBakey’s case, his life outdoes such fiction.

His father, Shaker Morris DeBakey, 80 this week, came to the U.S. from Lebanon when he was 15. By the time his son Michael was in high school, Shaker DeBakey owned a drugstore where the boy helped out and nourished the desire—acquired years earlier—to become a doctor. From his father, says Mike DeBakey, he learned his early-rising habits, the absolute abhorrence of wasted time that has marked his entire career. His mother, whom DeBakey remembers as “the most compassionate and sweetest person I’ve ever known,” also contributed to his career. She taught her two sons and four daughters how to sew with precision—a facility for which Mike and his broth-



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a change for the better
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er Ernest, who is a surgeon in Mobile, Ala., are forever grateful.

Banana Breakfast. A straight-A student, DeBakey raced through Tulane for both his B.S. and M.D. degrees, stayed to get an M.S. for research on peptic ulcer. He got appointments to the universities of Strasbourg and Heidelberg, where he also continued courting Diana Cooper, a pretty nurse whom he had met in New Orleans before she went to the American Hospital in Paris. After Europe and marriage, it was back to Tulane to the department of surgery under Dr. Alton Ochsner.* During the '30s, young Dr. DeBakey became an expert in blood transfusions and invented a roller pump to assist them. That pump, he thought wistfully, might some day be useful in some sort of heart-lung machine to sustain a pa-

MARC ST. GIL—BLACK STAR



DIANA DeBAKEY
No key to the den.

tient during surgery. Twenty years later it was.

War-time service in the Army surgeon general's office gave Colonel DeBakey a chance to become an exacting critic of the quality of surgery, and in 1948 he moved to Houston with misgivings. Baylor's College of Medicine was just sorting itself out from the shambles of a wartime move from Dallas, and it was difficult to find a hospital surgical service with enough patients for DeBakey's practice and teaching. But he found a powerful ally in a retiring millionaire, Ben Taub, and soon got a major hospital program rolling. DeBakey and Taub are still fast friends, and breakfast together every Sunday.

Every other day in the week, breakfast is no more than coffee and a ba-

* One of the nation's greatest teachers and practitioners of surgery, who first indicted smoking as a major factor in the cause of lung cancer. Many of DeBakey's early writings were on this subject. The admiring DeBakeys have middle-named two of their four sons Alton and Ochsner.

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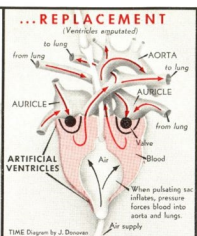
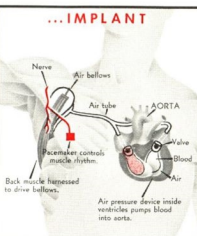
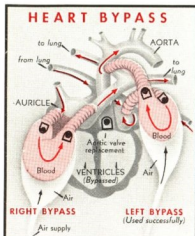
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nana. By 5, DeBakey is at work in his den, the one room in his comfortable Regency house to which not even his wife or the maid has a key. The huge horseshoe-shaped desk (like almost everything else that DeBakey owns, it is the gift of a grateful patient) is crammed with stacked lantern slides of diseased arteries, patients' histories, statistical analyses of the results of thousands of operations, reprints of reports by other surgeons, masses of correspondence, and a tiny portable TV. If DeBakey switches it on, it is only to have it remind him when it is 6:30 and time to head for the hospital.

If, as is usually the case, DeBakey is in a jam between journeys to far cities or foreign lands, he spends the dawn hours writing scientific papers in long-hand. He finds that the time it takes to write makes him use words with the precision that is so precious to him. If he has a day or two to spare before a speech or manuscript is due, DeBakey dictates to a tape recorder and later revises the typed draft. His professional bibliography now numbers no fewer than 619 scientific reports.

Pre-Op, Post-Op. Houston's normally seething traffic is mercifully light when DeBakey takes off for Methodist Hospital in his Alfa Romeo Sprint (a gift from a grateful Italian patient) at an unpredictable speed and in no particular gear. A man who never walks if he can drive, he gets his exercise by refusing to wait for elevators. He lopez up and down stairs and covers the hospital's labyrinthine corridors at a brisk pace. Professor DeBakey has a handsome, spacious, blue-carpeted office in Baylor's College of Medicine, and rarely uses it. In Methodist Hospital, Surgeon DeBakey has a tiny office, as cluttered as his den, and runs it like an Army command post.

After the staggering schedule of operations, the afternoons are for staff conferences, with internists, cardiologists, radiologists and his chief assistants. Many an oldtime surgeon thought his job was done when he had laid down

the scalpel and the last suture was in place. Not DeBakey. He belongs to the latter-day school typified by Harvard's Dr. Francis D. Moore (*TIME* cover, May 3, 1963), which insists that no less important than the operation itself are the study and preparation of the patient beforehand, and his care and study while he is recovering. DeBakey interrupts pre-operation conferences for quick trips to the intensive-care area to check on patients who may be just coming out of anesthesia or getting ready to take their first hesitant steps.

Nearly every day there are other hospital or medical meetings to take DeBakey's time. And always there are long-distance telephone calls about patients, or plans to further medical progress. Even when DeBakey promises his long-suffering wife that he will be home for dinner, he is usually so late that she eats alone, then gives him a tray at his desk in the den while he is making phone calls. He takes work into the den and stays until midnight.

His backbreaking schedule of operating and writing has no effect on DeBakey's income. All fees from his operations, running far into six figures annually, go to the College of Medicine, and he takes only his professor's salary.

Trips, says DeBakey, are his major relaxation, and next month he takes off for Italy to receive the \$16,000 St. Vincent Award of the Turin Academy of Medicine. By way of thanks, he will demonstrate some of his operations. There will also be trips to Brussels to see Marie Liliane, Princess de Réthy, for whose charitable organization DeBakey operates on many Belgian children, and to Paris to see the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Later come a week in Israel and a busman's holiday in Athens, with DeBakey demonstrating surgery while a guest of Queen Mother Frederika.

Gap & Log? Once back in Houston, back to his wearing schedule, back to the demands of days filled with life-and-death decisions, DeBakey will return to the medico-political battles that he nev-

er shuns. A progressive Democrat and an acquaintance of President Johnson, DeBakey favors the use of federal funds for medicine. "The Federal Government," he says, "has already put a lot of money into medicine, and every physician in the United States is better off for it—better off than he ever was before."

The American Medical Association, which gave DeBakey its Distinguished Service Award in 1959, now finds itself in violent disagreement with almost everything he says. The report of the commission he headed (*TIME*, Dec. 18), recommending the establishment of intensive-care centers for heart disease, strokes and cancer, and community centers for diagnosis and emergency care, has jolted organized medicine to the soles of its surgical boots.

The report asserts that there is a wide gap between the quality of care available at major medical centers and that available in the smaller cities and rural areas; that there is a lethal lag between the development of new lifesaving techniques and their adoption by physicians in general. The A.M.A. denies the existence of such a gap or such a lag and plans to fight the proposals, which it sees as a plot to reorganize U.S. medicine under federal control. The DeBakey commission has on its side the President and such powerful congressional allies as Senator Lister Hill.

Even DeBakey's enthusiasm for an "artificial heart" and his confidence that it can be built stir debate among conservative colleagues. Critics scoff about science-fictioning. But DeBakey is in good company: the Cleveland Clinic's Dr. Willem J. Kolff, who invented the artificial kidney, is one of the handful of other eminent researchers working on an artificial heart. DeBakey says emphatically that he believes it will ultimately be possible to replace an entire human heart with a self-powered and virtually indestructible plastic pump. But he adds with equal emphasis that the best surgeons are still far from ready to start replacing hearts.

Assistant Ventricles. What the medical and physical sciences can do today, says DeBakey, is to produce a replacement for part of the heart—its main pumping chamber, the left ventricle—and use it temporarily to support the failing natural heart, which thus can rest and regain its power. Five years after DeBakey put together a research team that now includes Dr. C. William Hall and Dr. Domingo Liotta, they not only produced a replacement for the left ventricle—or, more precisely, an assistant ventricle—but proved its practicality with actual tests in more than 100 laboratory dogs.

It was tried in a human for the first time on July 19, 1963. The man, a Negro, 42 years old, was almost dead from failing kidneys and a heart hopelessly damaged by a narrowed aortic valve. The assistant left ventricle implanted in him by DeBakey was about the size and shape of a banana. It looked like two Silastic sausage casings, one inside the other; it had a valve at each end of the inner sac and a 1-in. tubing leading from the outer balloon to an air pump. When it was installed, most of the patient's blood bypassed the natural left ventricle, leaving it free to take a rest. Pulsations of air in the outer sac supplied alternate suction and pressure to send blood coursing through the patient's body.

The doomed man improved markedly and lived almost four days on his artificial half-heart (TIME, Nov. 8, 1963). After that, it was no failure of the device that ended his life; it was old and irreversible damage to his liver, lungs and kidneys.

New models of assistant ventricles have been produced steadily, in improved shapes and for both ventricles (see diagram, left). It is only seven weeks ago that the DeBakey team ran what it thought was a highly successful experiment with a unit that replaced both of a dog's ventricles. Yet progress in the field is so fast that within four

days the researchers were dismissing their test as old hat. They were getting as good or better results with a single ballooning sac inserted in the left ventricle alone. It seems, says Dr. Hall, that this may be enough in many cases to stimulate, if not precisely duplicate, the work of nature's complex four-chambered heart.

What really counts is a strong and steady beat in the left ventricle to send blood coursing through the trunk to the head and limbs. Once that is achieved, nature is likely to take over and get the rest of the circulatory system, including the three other chambers, to work effectively in unison. However, if both left and right ventricles have been severely damaged, they might be replaced by a two-in-one prosthesis with a single pump (see diagram, right).

Muscles or Batteries. All artificial hearts or half-hearts so far have relied on an external power source almost as bulky as a washing machine and infinitely more complex and delicate. The patient has to stay in bed, hooked up to this pulsating pump by an air hose passing through a hole in his chest. For a man with an artificial heart to get up from his bed and walk, let alone work, the power supply must be inside him. It may be electrical, depending on the long-lived, high-performance mercury batteries now being perfected for cardiac pacemakers (TIME, Jan. 11, 1960). Another possibility would be to install an electric coil inside the body and have it operated through induction by a power pack worn outside the heart. Either system would supply adequate electrical stimuli but only a smidgen of mechanical power.

Better yet, DeBakey and his co-workers believe, it may eventually be possible to harness one of the body's powerful muscles, perhaps in the shoulder girdle, to such a pacemaker. Then, when the little device gives its electrical command, the muscle will contract, and in the process it will squeeze an implanted

bellows, which in its turn will squeeze the left ventricle or both (see diagram, center). Like all gadgeteers, the heart researchers also dream of using atomic power.

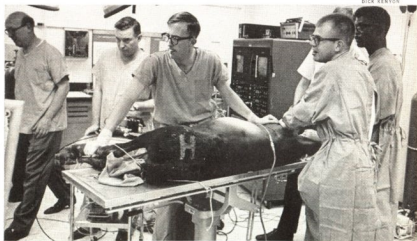
Just two weeks ago, the DeBakey team was well pleased with the results of a 40-hour test in a 150-lb. calf with a complete artificial heart. But the problems to be solved before routine use in man are still forbidding. The external heart-lung machine, which Dr. DeBakey has done so much to advance, can tide a patient over for only a few hours, during and after surgery. Dr. DeBakey wants an artificial heart element that can be installed while a patient is still on the operating table and left in place to tide him over the first few dangerous days of recovery. Then it might be removed.

"Is It Presumptuous?" When he looks farthest ahead through the tops of his trifocals and peers toward the artificial heart that may be implanted permanently, DeBakey says: "It is deficiencies in materials and our lack of knowledge about how they will work over a long period that are holding us up. The materials we have, good as they are, still damage the blood to some extent, and they may become rigid after long use. I am confident that if \$50 million were made available today for just this kind of research, an artificial heart, or the vital parts of one, could be ready for permanent implantation within three to five years."

Medicine and surgery, Dr. DeBakey insists, have solved most of the problems of heart replacement that lie within their specific fields. What is now needed is a total effort in cooperation with physicists and industry to solve the problems of materials and power supply. "If artificial hearts can work, as they have, for 40 hours or more," says Michael DeBakey, "is it presumptuous to say that it could be done for 40 days or 40 years? Today it may be only a dream; tomorrow it will be a reality."



IMPLANTING ARTIFICIAL HEART IN CALF



CALF AFTER 40-HOUR SURVIVAL
Eventually, internal atomic power?

SPORT

BASEBALL

The Garter on the Sox

A baseball fan would imagine that any manager who had 1) never been fired, 2) finished no worse than second in 14 out of his 17 years on the job, and 3) just signed a two-year \$40,000-a-year contract would be a contented man. Not the Chicago White Sox's Alfonso Ramon Lopez, 56. "I am," sighs Manager Lopez, "a sufferer." A chronic stomach problem keeps him from eating raw fruits and vegetables, and forces him to drink milk (which he detests) during White Sox losing streaks. Insomnia keeps him pacing the floor until 3 or 4 a.m. after night games. In-



MANAGER LOPEZ
Melancholy kind of fun.

security keeps him melancholy. "I'm not a failure," he explains, "but I'm not exactly a success, either." A sportswriter once asked Lopez what he did for fun. "Fun?" Al protested. "How can you have any fun managing?"

Beating the New York Yankees, that's how. Exactly twice in the last 16 years, the Yankees have lost the American League pennant—both times to Al Lopez. He won in 1954 with the Cleveland Indians, a team that batted .262, slugged 156 home runs and won a league-record 111 games. He won again in 1959 with the "Go-Go" White Sox, a team that batted .250 and hit only 97 homers but stole 113 bases.

Mightier Than the Ford. Now he is shooting for pennant No. 3, with a curious collection of castoffs and youngsters that Lopez calls "the best-balanced team I have ever coached." Last week the injury-ridden Yanks (TIME, May 14) were languishing in eighth place, taking their lumps from the Boston

Red Sox and Washington Senators. Outfielder Roger Maris was still out with a pulled muscle in his thigh; Catcher Elston Howard, his right arm in a cast, was earning his keep as a TV announcer. Star Pitcher Whitey Ford (1964 record: 17-6) lost his fourth straight game and was banished briefly to the bullpen—prompting one wag to remark, "This year, the bullpen is mightier than the Ford." And all this while, Al Lopez's White Sox were winning nine out of eleven and leading the American League by two full games.

First Baseman Moose Skowron, late of the Yankees, Los Angeles Dodgers and Washington Senators, is hitting a fancy .301. Leftfielder Danny Cater, ex of the Philadelphia Phillies, is the league's No. 3 batter at .328. Catcher John Romano, who bounced from the White Sox to the Cleveland Indians and back again, has three home runs, 16 RBIs to his credit. Pitcher John Buzhardt, who never won more than ten games in any of his six previous big-league seasons, is sporting a 4-0 record and an earned-run average of 1.53—second lowest in the league. The bullpen crew is headed by a couple of well-traveled knuckleballers: Hoyt Wilhelm and Eddie Fisher, who between them have toiled for 14 pro teams. Their combined record this spring: two victories, one loss, twelve saves.

Off to the Showers. The garter on the Sox, of course, is Lopez. A shrewd tactician who believes in "percentage baseball," he calls practically every move his players make. One of his pet theories holds that batters tend to swing harder when they are ahead of the balls-and-strikes count, easier when they are behind. So he is constantly realigning the White Sox defense. "He moved me on every pitch for a whole season," one of Lopez's third basemen once reported.

When it comes to pitchers, says Bob Lemon, who pitched for Lopez at Cleveland, "Al could write the text on the mechanics of pitching. Why you use a certain pitch. When you use it. What pitch should follow another. Why it should follow." Lopez often signals for specific pitches himself, wastes no time yanking his starters at the first hint of trouble. In one game last year, Chicago's Joe Horlen had a four-hit shutout going after seven innings. "Good job," said Lopez, and packed him off to the showers. He called in Gary Peters to pitch the eighth inning, then sent for Wilhelm to mop up.

Soft-spoken and introverted, Lopez rarely bawls out his players for mistakes. "What's the use?" he says. "They're adults." And he almost never holds clubhouse meetings to discuss strategy or give pep talks. "I attended hundreds of those meetings as a player," he says, "and most of them were a waste of time."



CLARK
Record off the books.

AUTO RACING

Lotuses Among the Bricks

The Indianapolis 500 was still two weeks away. But a good round 150,000 fans were on hand to watch in disbelief as a little-known rookie named Mario Andretti rolled out for his first qualification spin in a rear-engined Brawn-Ford and blasted around the Speedway at a fantastic 159.4 m.p.h. That demolished the lap record set last year by Scotland's Jimmy Clark. So Clark squeezed into his own Lotus-Ford and got his record back with a clocking of 160.9 m.p.h. He held it only as long as it took A. J. Foyt to warm his engine up. A two-time winner of the Memorial



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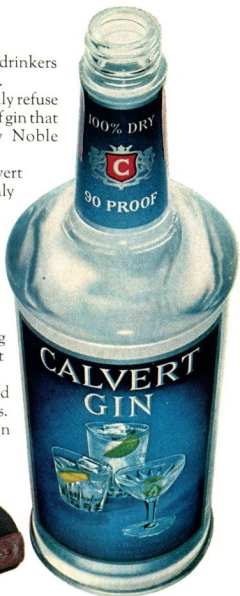
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Day 500, Texan Foyt climbed into another Lotus-Ford and ripped off a lap at 161.9 m.p.h., won the pole position—and practically ensured that this year's race will be the fastest in the history of Indy's famed Brickyard.

Battling the Bugs. Barring accidents, of course. In 54 years, 30 drivers have lost their lives racing at Indianapolis, and it will be a long time before anybody forgets last year's flaming, seven-car crash that killed Eddie Sachs and Dave MacDonald. All sorts of new safety rules are in effect. Cars must be equipped with rubber sealers in their gas tanks, and drivers must make at least two stops for fuel—to keep pit crews from filling tanks to the brim, thereby increasing the danger of collision or fire. But as speeds soar at Indy, so do the risks. The sturdy old Offenhauser-powered roadsters that once dominated the 500 have been largely replaced by light, rear-engined racers with massive Ford engines that generate 495 h.p.—v. 430 h.p. for the Offy. By week's end, 22 rear-engined entries had qualified for this year's race (v. only eight old-fashioned Offies), and the little cars were proving tricky to handle, even without bugs.

Pole Winner Foyt narrowly escaped injury when the rear suspension of his Lotus-Ford broke and the left rear wheel snapped off. Veteran Parnelli Jones, who won the 500 in 1963, was badly shaken up in a similar accident: he was drifting through the northwest turn at 150 m.p.h. when the suspension of his Lotus collapsed. "All of a sudden the back end started steering the front," Parnelli shuddered later. The car slammed into the wall, slid 570 ft., spun, slid again, and finally came to rest 110 ft. onto the infield grass.

Chunking Quarters. Then there was the Great Tire War. Since 1923 every 500 winner has used Firestone tires, a fact that nettles Firestone's competitors no end—especially The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. This year, Goodyear persuaded nine drivers to use its tires, including two of the three fastest qualifiers: A. J. Foyt and California's Dan Gurney, who won a spot in the first row by clocking 159 m.p.h. in yet another Lotus-Ford. Last week the company discovered to its horror that its specially made tires were "chunking"—spewing out quarter-size pieces of rubber. Goodyear officials blamed it all on a faulty tire-making machine and rushed in a new load of rubber which they promised would do the job.

If not, both Foyt and Gurney faced the choice of making repeated pit stops for tire changes—or risking blowouts and accidents. For Foyt, there was no choice at all. "Racing comes before my wife and family," he said, and a friend added: "A. J. would run with one wheel on top of the wall if he had to—to beat Jimmy Clark." Scotland's Clark, naturally, was unaffected by the fuss. There he was, smack-dab in the middle of the front row—with Firestones.

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THE LAW

INTERNATIONAL LAW

For a Worldwide Judiciary

When armed men are in action in Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic and standing guard on numberless borders (Berlin, Korea, etc.), it would seem an odd time to argue that international law is replacing international force. But Charles S. Rhyne, former president of the American Bar Association, is just that optimistic. Proudly, he points to the "lawyer-to-lawyer" movement that he launched in 1963 with an Athens conference of 1,000 lawyers from 105 countries. Last year he opened the World Peace Through Law Center in Washington, D.C. Now he is planning the first "World Law Day"—as part of a September conference in Washington that will muster 2,000 legal leaders from 120 countries and mine their ideas for "an overall world judicial system."

"Ours is becoming the golden age of the law," says Rhyne. Despite the U.N.'s political paralysis, its various subgroups have probably created more international law in the past 20 years than existed in all previous history. Most of it stems from sheer necessity, as trade and travel shrink the world. Hundreds of new agreements cover subjects ranging from space rights to the continental shelf, and the U.S. alone is party to more than 1,400 treaties involving everything from the nuclear test ban to the legal status of G.I.s in foreign lands.

Regional Justice. The world already has the bare bones of a judicial system. At the top is the International Court of Justice at The Hague, best known as the World Court, which aims to settle disputes between nations. But the court's 15 judges (elected by the U.N. from 15 different nations) cannot hear any case until the parties admit its jurisdiction, and the U.S. itself, despite growing opposition to its stand (TIME, May 7), reserves the right to ignore the court under the so-called Connally Amendment.

Outside the World Court, there are lesser but more productive international courts that link regional groups of like-minded countries. The European Court of Justice has now settled more than 1,000 disputes involving the affairs of the Common Market, the European Coal and Steel Community and Euratom. Today, individuals from 15 European countries can in some cases appeal beyond their own countries' highest courts to the European Human Rights Court. Set up in 1958 in Strasbourg, France, a commission of the Court has reviewed up to 2,000 complaints and passed on to the Court only two (it found for Ireland in one, against Belgium in the other).

One key obstacle to a coherent world system of law is the lack of a world

legislature to codify international law so that courts can determine common principles. Still, there is progress. Relatively few U.S. law schools taught international law even five years ago; today 101 do. More and more U.S. legal scholars are researching precedents in a variety of fields from propaganda to sovereignty, showing clearly what international law holds in fact rather than theory.

Bread-and-Butter. Charles Rhyme is far from shouting against the wind. His Washington center, which he hopes to move next year to permanent European quarters, is now self-sustaining from dues paid by 2,000 members in 119 countries. A staff of 14 has more

ARTZYBASHEFF



CHARLES RHYME (TIME COVER, 1958)

From sheer necessity.

than 60 committees researching the legalities of such subjects as disarmament and world habes corpus. One project: the first compilation of all major treaties now in effect across the world—something that new nations may find particularly useful. The center is also working on the first international guide to laws and courts, is circulating a proposed international convention on investment disputes, and is promoting the idea of a new appellate court below the World Court, which would tackle bread-and-butter fields from currency to copyrights.

To the Washington conference in September Rhyme has invited the top judicial officers of 120 countries to give them an opportunity to explore such ideas as a trial court and arbitration system more attuned to everyday problems than are the lofty international courts that now exist. Sure to be urged: a new international trial-court system to speed the meting out of justice in international disputes ranging from tariffs to taxes. If nothing else comes of the conference, such positive action is bound to boost the spirits of those dedicated men who are convinced that international peace will be a product of international law.

JUDGMENTS

Companionship & Compensation

In the thousands of damage suits that were settled in U.S. courts last week, the average award to plaintiffs by judge and jury was less than \$5,000. Four notable exceptions:

► In Detroit, Michigan's Supreme Court affirmed a circuit court's award of \$26,500 for "loss of society and companionship" to the parents of Linda Kay Hopkins, a Michigan State cheerleader killed at 21 in an auto collision five years ago. In rejecting the defendant's pleas that Linda's age made her independent, that her parents' means (they own three thriving Saginaw businesses) entitled them to no more than enough for funeral expenses, the court devised a formula calling for \$1,000-a-year damages over the parents' remaining 26.5 years of expected life. For good measure, the court tacked a 5% interest charge (borrowed from admiralty law) on the principal for each year that has passed since the girl's accidental death.

► In Newark, Workmen's Compensation Court Judge Kathryn G. Sugrue ruled that the New Jersey Turnpike Authority derived "a certain amount of benefit" from Maintenance Man Richard Marshall's services as a player on the Authority's softball team. Judge Sugrue awarded Marshall's widow and four children \$38,130.04 in compensation for the fatal "on-the-job" heart attack he suffered while giving his all for his turnpike employers in a softball game last summer.

► In Kansas City, a district court jury awarded \$110,000 to Mrs. Maxine Cornish, wife of a Pittsburg (Kans.) State College history professor, after it became convinced that her eye damage had been brought on by Aralen, a drug she took to ease her arthritis. Last week the Ohio Supreme Court upheld a lower-court ruling that Columbus Housewife Faye Oppenheimer was not entitled to similar damages because she exceeded the drug's recommended dosage.

Lawyers for the Sterling Drug Co., which produces Aralen, stoutly insisted that Mrs. Cornish was not entitled to damages either, even though she stuck to the prescribed dosage. Her doctor had been warned, said the Sterling lawyers, to examine her eyes periodically. Just as insistent, the doctor said he had been given no such advice.

► In New York, a Supreme Court jury decided that the death of Hotel and Real Estate Magnate Arnold S. Kirkeby, 60, in an American Airlines jetliner crash had deprived his widow and daughter of \$1,172,000 in anticipated earnings. Largest in New York negligence history, the Kirkeby award follows an Appellate Division decision that American was solely responsible for the disaster. Still to be heard: claims for as much as \$10 million by relatives of at least nine other victims of the same March 1, 1962, crash.

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THE PRESS

REPORTING

Taking Sides in Santo Domingo

Covering the war in the Dominican Republic has been a battle in itself. Reporters have found U.S. officials, both military and civilian, closemouthed and uncooperative; when information has been given out, it has often been wrong. When reporters have taken to the streets for their stories, they have been shot at by snipers, have hitched rides with hysterical drivers while bullets whizzed past. They spend much of their time helping the wounded to hospitals.

Aggravated by one thing or another, most of the 160-man press corps has

Los Angeles Timesman Ruben Salazar interviewed a rebel accused by the State Department of being a Communist: "Florentino doesn't look dangerous. He's slight of build and sports a thin mustache. I went away wishing we had done something to win him to our side." Wrote Dan Kurzman of the Washington Post: "Innumerable conversations have strongly indicated overwhelming popular support for the rebel regime and a corresponding anti-American sentiment arising from U.S. antagonism toward that regime."

Wary of Claims. Back in the U.S., many editorialists and columnists sided with the men in the field. Said the New

forces. Rebel strongpoints, particularly in the southeast section of Santo Domingo, are manned by Communists with only token allegiance to Caamaño." And after spending a week in Santo Domingo, Newsday's Marguerite Higgins filed another minority report: "Be wary of all those claims of widespread support for the rebel Constitutionalists or the loyalist junta. This reporter has been impressed by the hazards of trying to diagnose the feelings of a massively illiterate nation. Oddly enough, in this topsy-turvy world, the very deftness with which Dominicans can switch sides may prove to be a strong card that the Americans can play in an effort to bring seemingly irreconcilable factions together."

No Child's Play. Through it all, U.S. Government spokesmen were baffled by the antagonism of the press. Some reporters seemed determined to become policymakers. The Trib's Collier complained to U.S. officials that marines were allowed to shoot back when shot at from outside the international zone. "He got quite upset," says one. "He refused to understand that this is not child's play and that our men must protect themselves." Both Collier and Szulc reported last week that U.S. troops were helping the loyalists fight the rebels in northern Santo Domingo, but no other reporters confirmed this story, and many flatly contradicted it. The New York Times ran an Air Force picture purportedly showing U.S. troops aiding the junta last week by arming rebels. Actually, the photo was taken two weeks ago in the international zone, where rebels were being rounded up for suspected sniping. The Trib ran a similarly slanted photo of a marine firing his rifle, with a caption that upbraided him for defending himself (see cut).

Among the trump cards in the U.S. Government's hand is a devastating report of five OAS ambassadors that backs up U.S. contention that Communists played a substantial part in the revolution. Yet when the report was first issued on May 8, not a single U.S. paper picked it up. Next day Ellsworth Bunker, U.S. Ambassador to the OAS, held an hour-long press briefing on the report, but even then was given scant play in the press.

Finally, Alaska's Senator Ernest Gruening, one of the most vocal critics of Administration policy in Viet Nam, delivered a furious speech in the Senate: "Unhappily, the U.S. press has been gravely derelict in reporting what has transpired in the OAS with regard to the Dominican crisis. Commentators express doubts regarding the wisdom of expanding our mission to prevent a Communist takeover. Many reports question the extent of Communist infiltration. Yet, to my knowledge, none of the major wire services, newspapers or radio-television systems have taken the trouble to examine the findings of the OAS investigating team."

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Dominican Double Trouble: U. S. Denials, U. S. Deeds



ON THE FENCE in Santo Domingo, an American Marine, under orders to stay neutral, fires at a sniper.

THE OFFICIALS

THE REPORTS

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE COVERAGE
Time to be wary of confident diagnoses.

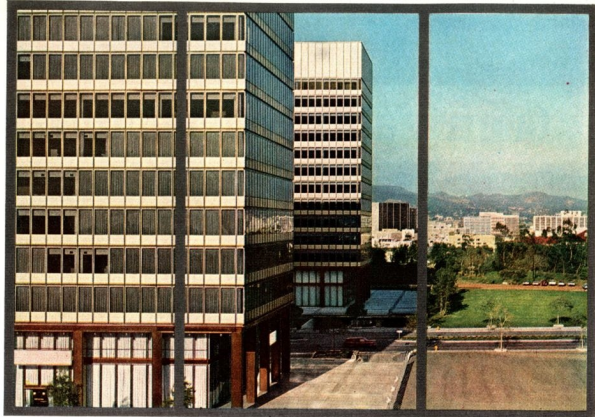
soured on the U.S. position and flocked to rebel headquarters, where people seemed anxious to make their case to reporters. Predisposed to side with the underdog against a Latin American military junta and against U.S. military intervention, many of the correspondents wrote glowing accounts of their fleeting interviews with the rebels.

Cabled the New York Herald Tribune's Barnard Collier: "The U.S. action was meant to thwart internationally trained Communists who are fighting alongside the leftist rebels. Its effect has been to give the Communist world a rallying cry, to create dozens of Dominican Communist martyrs and to turn an increasing number of rebels against the U.S." Said New York Timesman Tad Szulc: "The U.S. finds itself identified with a military junta that is widely hated, and it may be standing on the threshold of a violent showdown with the highly popular rebel movement."

York Times: "Little awareness has been shown by the U.S. that the Dominican people—not just a handful of Communists—were fighting and dying for social justice and constitutionalism." Even Walter Lippmann, who had supported the U.S. intervention, hoped for the success of what he called the "legitimist party—that of the Constitutionalists." But the fact is that Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó, boss of the so-called Constitutionalists, had helped overthrow the constitutional President, Juan Bosch, in 1963. And the Bosch constitution that Caamaño was supposedly supporting forbids any military man—Caamaño, for example—to hold office.

Not all reporters, to be sure, were happy with the rebels. Warned the Herald Tribune's Rowland Evans and Robert Novak: "Adventurers are running the rebel command, but they maintain only tenuous control over all their

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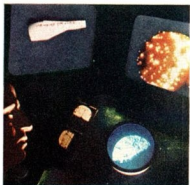
Their reactions—heart-beat, muscle-tone, blood-pressure and others—are being taped under conditions simulating those on space missions. And Douglas scientists are gaining valuable insights from them on how astronauts will react in current manned space programs—with particular emphasis on the nation's manned orbiting laboratory programs.

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MUSIC

DANCE

Out of Pride

"Look!" cries Choreographer-Dancer Alvin Ailey. "Look what you've made! Look how beautiful it is. It's yours. You did it out of adversity. Don't you feel a little dignity about yourself? Be proud of it."

Ailey's impassioned plea is directed at his American Negro brethren. His mission is to awaken an appreciation of "the trembling beauty" of the Negro's cultural heritage—through dance, through "the exuberance of his jazz, the ecstasy of his spirituals, and the dark rapture of his blues." Trouble is, nobody is listening—in the U.S., that is. But in Europe the message is echoing loud and clear: the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, consisting of eleven young Negro dancers, has created perhaps the biggest sensation on the Continent since the tour of Jerome Robbins' *Ballets: U.S.A.* six years ago.

Under Rhythm. In London, once a wasteland for modern dance, the company was held over for an unprecedented run of six weeks. Sweeping through Germany this month, they scored one resounding triumph after another, including an unheard-of 61 curtain calls in Hamburg. Wrote Die Welt's Klaus Geitel, "They are not stuck to the rhythm. They run under it, draw circles around it. They dance its impulses in the most manifold way and with a glorious freedom. It is a triumph of sweeping, violent beauty, a furious spectacle. The stage vibrates. One has never seen anything like it."

The company's repertoire ranges from the raw brutality and passion in Talley Beatty's classic jazz ballet, *The Road of the Phoebe Snow*, to the chill-



SZELL (RIGHT) & GEORGIAN SERENADERS
Glory, bravo and thanks.

ingly abstract study of loneliness in Anna Sokolow's *Rooms*. Ailey's own *Roots of the Blues* and *Revelations* are danced with savage grace and élan. *Roots* traces the evolution of the blues from the barrel houses of New Orleans to the speakeasy era; *Revelations*, drawing on Negro spirituals, evokes the hope and despair of a beleaguered people.

Lost Money. Now 34, Ailey is the son of a farm worker his mother hasn't seen for more than 30 years. An all-round athlete in high school, he gave up sports to join the Lester Horton Dance Studio. After 3½ semesters of college, he came to Manhattan and appeared in several Broadway productions, finally saved enough to form his own small troupe. By 1961 the company had worked up to four concerts a year, "all the time losing money like mad." The State Department spotted it and in 1962 sent it on a successful tour of the Far East. Then came three months in Australia, where its appearance was hailed as "the most stark and devastating theater ever presented on the Australian stage."

But success abroad is not success at home. When the dancers return to the U.S., they must temporarily disband for lack of employment.

ORCHESTRAS

Triumph Abroad

May Day parades are hardly designed to celebrate the bonds of friendship between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. Yet in Tbilisi, Communist marchers repeatedly slowed their procession to applaud members of the Cleveland Orchestra, peering like conventioners from the windows of the Hotel Tbilisi. As one Tbilisian put it, inviting the musicians to join him in a drink: "Viet Nam, nyer! But you, yes!"

The first U.S. orchestra to visit Russia in six years, the Clevelanders were feted and fawned upon. In Moscow, at the opening of the five-week tour, the audience summoned Conductor George Szell back for 20 curtain calls and four

encores, rhythmically clapping and chanting "Glory! . . . bravo! . . . thanks!" They relented only when Szell ordered his 107 musicians off the stage.

Also Jam Sessions. In the Armenian capital of Yerevan, hundreds of fans attempted to batter their way into the concert hall, and heavy police reinforcements had to be rushed in to quell the riot. Pianist John Browning, 31, whose brilliant interpretation of Barber's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* was one of the critical highlights of the tour, attracted an avid following of young girls, who stormed the stage crying "John, John . . . oh, John!" When Violinist Gino Raffacelli was spotted on the street, the volatile Armenians demanded an impromptu sidewalk recital. He complied.

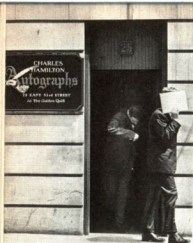
In Moscow and Kiev, after an evening of Brahms and Mozart, several of the musicians adjourned to the youth cafés to sit in on jam sessions with the local hipsters. In Tbilisi, the orchestra was treated to a sumptuous banquet and serenaded by Georgian folk singers. The only sour note of the tour was sounded privately by the musicians, who rightfully questioned Szell's generally lightweight selection of American works, including two insipidities by Composers William Grant Still and Herbert Elwell, a native of Cleveland.

Mutual Feeling. The maestro himself, whose rapier tongue is legendary, was the very model of a cultural ambassador. When fans nearly jostled him off his feet at the Moscow Conservatory, he blithely passed the episode off as "a warm and interesting experience." The feeling was mutual; critical acclaim for the orchestra was nothing short of rapturous. *Izvestia* was alternately "enthralled," "fascinated" and "inspired."

Last week, winding up the tour with three concerts in Leningrad, the Cleveland Orchestra had scored one of the biggest successes in the history of the cultural-exchange program. There were still five weeks of concertizing in Western Europe yet to come. But as Conductor Szell exclaimed: "What more could one ask?"

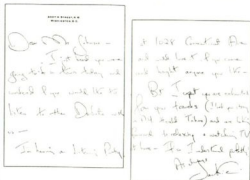


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MODERN LIVING



JACKIE'S LETTER

What was a halfhearted invitation became a security problem.

HOBBIES

The Missive That Went Astray

The evening of Oct. 7, 1960, Jackie Kennedy's husband was due to appear on television for the second of four live-TV debates with Richard Nixon. What to do? If you are Jackie Kennedy, you send invitations to a handful of close friends to watch the debate with you. True, it was not exactly a handful (more than 50 people showed up), and it was not exactly a homey affair—the address she gave was actually Washington's La Salle Hotel, where Jackie had hired a large suite. One of her invitations went to the wife of her husband's running mate, Lady Bird Johnson.

The letter was a model of politesse. "Dear Mrs. Johnson—I just heard you were going to be in town today and wondered if you would like to listen to the Debate with us—I'm having a Listening Party at 1028 Connecticut Ave. and would love it if you came and brought anyone you like—" Then, as if to dismiss the whole affair as unimportant, she added, "But I expect you are exhausted from your travels (I loved your story in the N.Y. Herald Tribune) and are looking forward to relaxing and watching TV at home—if so, I understand perfectly!"

Quick Eye. Lady Bird was handed the letter along with several other pieces of mail, while switching planes at Washington's National Airport. After shuffling through the papers, she handed them over to a Democratic Party campaign worker, asking her to decline Jackie's invitation because she had to be in Baltimore with Lyndon the night of the debate.

The aide, Mrs. Lucianne Cummings, a blonde Washington public-relations consultant, stuffed the letter with a bunch of campaign souvenirs into a closet. Coming across it a few months ago and realizing the value of a letter between a once and a present First Lady, she turned it over to Manhattan Autograph Dealer Charles Hamilton to sell at auction. A year ago, Hamilton had sold a particularly poignant letter

from Jackie to an unknown Englishman for a record \$3,000; he thought this one would bring at least \$1,000.

Without Authority. As it turned out, no one ever got to put in a bid. When Lady Bird heard that the letter was up for sale, she asked Liz Carpenter, her press secretary, to get it back. After trying unsuccessfully three times to reach Hamilton by phone, Liz dispatched a firm note requesting the letter's return. "Mrs. Johnson is absolutely certain," she wrote, "that she has never given away any letter sent to her by Mrs. Kennedy—in fact, it has always been her policy to retain all letters sent to her personally. Accordingly, we can only conclude that the letter was taken without authority or that it was inadvertently lost. In either event, we are exceedingly anxious that this be returned to Mrs. Johnson, the rightful owner, and trust that you will see to it that it is delivered without delay."

Lady Bird's reaction was reasonable enough. But her aides seemed to be ready to treat the incident like the theft of an atomic secret. Anyone who would

abscond with such a letter was obviously "untrustworthy," Liz told the press, and the whole affair might be a "security matter." Two Secret Service men were dispatched to Hamilton's office to extract the name of the letter seller.

Yards of Copy. Being the best publicist in the autograph business, Hamilton made an appointment to meet the Secret Service men in his office at a specific time, then sent notes to newspapers and magazines all over town to make sure they would be on hand. When the S.S. men showed up, a host of reporters and photographers were waiting for them, having already been fed yards of copy by Hamilton himself. Said he: "I don't like Mrs. Johnson's use of the Secret Service as a go-between. It seems a little Gestapo-ish." Then Mrs. Cummings stepped forward to say, with a gulp, "I didn't realize how personally embarrassing this would be to Mrs. Johnson."

As with all had Hollywood melodramas, everything worked out in the end. Lady Bird got back her letter, and Hamilton had several thousand dollars' worth of free publicity. And the brouhaha had certainly spectacularly enhanced the letter's value. If, in some unpredictable future, it should ever again come on the market, it would probably command \$10,000.

MANNERS & MORALS

Legal Libertarianism

In the present state of permissive morals and confused manners, what outrages "public decency"? Not, apparently a bare-breasted girl. Not, at least, in California, which in recent months has witnessed the emergence of the bare-breasted waitress.

It was all inspired by last year's summer sensation, the topless bathing suit. The suit died on the beaches, but California restaurateurs saw other possi-



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bilities. Soon patrons sitting down to lunch at many a Los Angeles restaurant were apt to look up from their menu to discover a waitress wearing nothing above the waist. San Francisco's flagging nightclubs along North Beach went topless with enthusiasm, with more emphasis on wiggly performers. Some of the topless establishments are dilapidated dives where the girls are as easy to smuggle home as the ashtrays. But others are remarkably respectable, including some private luncheon clubs frequented by judges, doctors and bank directors.

An Instructed Verdict. Guardians of the public morals, self-appointed or official, have had little success in repressing the exhibitionism. Most recently, the San Francisco police raided two North Beach nightclubs, the Condor and the Off-Broadway, and dragged both proprietors into court. The Off-Broadway, which offers topless waitresses along with such name performers as Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Kenton and Trini Lopez, was accused of operating "a lewd and obscene exhibition" and of "conduct outraging public decency."

Defending Counsel Melvin Belli, who has been offered all kinds of curious jobs since he defended Jack Ruby, ingeniously asked for dismissal on the grounds that the girls had been made to incriminate themselves, since nobody had told them they could refuse to have their pictures taken in the nonattire they were not wearing when they were arrested. Municipal Judge Leo Friedman concurred, further ruled that bare bosoms, in and of themselves, are neither lewd, lascivious nor obscene, and advised the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. The jury complied.

For the Condor, and specifically Dancer Carol Doda, Lawyer Harry Wainwright pointed out that the U.S. Supreme Court last March, considering a censorship case involving the Danish film *A Stranger Knocks*, ruled that the acts of sexual intercourse semi-depicted on the screen were not necessarily obscene, and further insisted that the First Amendment applied to freedom of conduct and expression as well as speech. An "expert witness" duly testified that the performance, "applying contemporary standards of the average person," was not "of prurient interest." The judge agreed.

A Jury of Peers. In the Los Angeles area, California's Alcoholic Beverage Control Board had no better luck in trying to control the situation by threatening to revoke licenses. Haled before the board, Whitey Locker, proprietor of Santa Monica's The Ball, protested that his club was patronized by some of the town's leading citizens: "How, then, can you say it runs counter to the community's sense of decency?"

As a result of the new libertarianism, California's two largest cities now have some 200 places where men can peer through their martinis at waitresses in one-piece bikinis.



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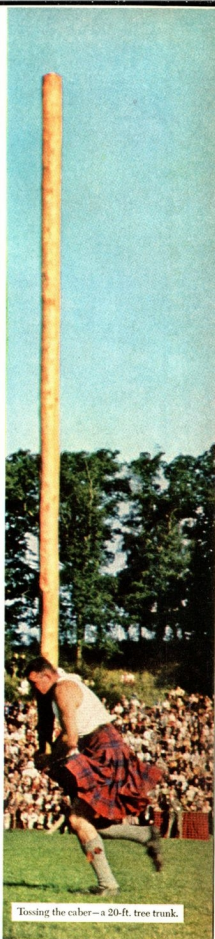
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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Protesting the Protesters

Amid the waves of campus unrest rolling across the U.S., the University of Maryland was a sea of tranquillity; not a picket had been visible on campus all year. Properly impressed, Maryland President Wilson H. Elkins last month commended his 22,000 students for "their orderly conduct and constructive criticism," and deplored "the small groups" at other campuses, "which flout regulations, oppose any authority and confuse freedom with license to do as they wish."

He should have kept his peace. Elkins' speech immediately set a "small group" of students at Maryland to feeling lonely. If there were no protests at College Park, they concluded, there must surely be something wrong with the campus. The local chapter of the nationwide Students for a Democratic Society vowed to "inject new controversy into the stagnant university system." Another group organized an Academic Freedoms Committee to "re-store controversy to its proper place in academic life." The dissenters combined to form a united organization called Students for a Free University.

But what should they protest? After a long pause for thought, S.F.U. seized upon two yawning gaps in Maryland's academic life: the library closes at 10 p.m. instead of midnight, and students are not allowed to wear Bermuda shorts at dinner in the dining halls. S.F.U. began promoting a library study-in—even though the administration was already considering longer library hours, as well as abolition of all dress standards.

Hoping for bigger and better issues, S.F.U. appointed a committee to seek new problems to protest. One student found a long-forgotten and never-used

rule under which the university could eject a student without explanation. That also proved to be a nonissue. "I don't see any point in keeping the regulation on the books either," said University Vice President R. Lee Hornbake, "and we are getting rid of it."

Hornbake charged that S.F.U. was promoting "dissent for dissent's sake." Other students thought so too. Proclaiming himself the "Supreme Defender of Tranquillity," Sophomore Warren Lewis organized the Collegiate Anti-Protest Organization Group to protest the protesters. CAPOG pickets turned up at meetings of the protest groups with signs reading PROGRESS THROUGH SANITY and VOUS NOUS DÉGOÛTEZ (You make us sick).

OVERSEAS STUDY

The Breather Year

"I was lying in a hospital bed recovering from appendicitis when it occurred to me I didn't have the foggiest notion what college was all about," recalls Robert Watkins, a graduate of St. George's prep school in Newport, R.I. "I wasn't ready." Some 4,000 miles away in Lugano, southernmost city in Switzerland, Mrs. Mary Crist Fleming, 54, was pondering a related idea. "Every bit of extra maturity and training a high school graduate can get before entering college is going to help," she said. "They need a breather, a chance to get excited again about learning."

These two attitudes mesh so nicely that Watkins, son of the Providence Journal's publisher, is now attending Mrs. Fleming's unique precollege travel and European studies program at her American School in Switzerland. A Radcliffe graduate who wanted to give her three children both a European experience and preparation for a U.S. college, Mrs. Fleming nine years ago



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opened her own high school in a 17th century cobblestone Lugano villa. It now has 100 students, all Americans. Yet Mrs. Fleming still felt that her "students were not getting as much out of Europe as they should." So she thought up the idea of a breather year.

In a Coal Mine. The plan lets U.S. high school graduates, free from all the pressures of being graded, alternately study in the relaxed resort city of Lugano and travel through Europe to quiz politicians, industrialists, cultural leaders, university students. "American students can't afford to be simply tourists—that day is over," explains the energetic director of the program, Ian D. Mellon, 31, an M.A. from New York University. The program's 88 students recently finished a two-week swing through Belgium and northeastern France. Their two dark green buses had carried them to Common Market headquarters in Brussels, a coal mine at Lens in northern France, the offices of UNESCO, Le Figaro, Le Monde and Paris-Match in Paris, Council of Europe headquarters in Strasbourg.

As one bus rolled through Brussels a faculty member barraged the students with questions. "Who recently introduced the lower bank rate in France?" A student's correct answer: "Valéry Giscard d'Estaing." "Why?" "To spur investment." At the International School of Brussels, U.S. executives of Ford, I.T.T., Monsanto and Upjohn got a grilling from the students: "Why are Germany's gold reserves going down when its economy is booming?" "What marketing research have you done in Europe on oral contraceptives?" In Paris, the Americans met Gaullist students to discuss the mysteries of the world's teen-agers and the mystique of Charles de Gaulle.

At the Bolshoi. In earlier trips the youngsters had visited Lishon and Tangier, explored an Olivetti factory near Naples, toured the Brolio winery in Florence, quizzed their way through East and West Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Munich. During spring vacation, some of the Americans talked with students at Moscow University, attended the Bolshoi Theater. Back at Lugano, a lively faculty (average age: 28) related the tour experiences to such required courses as contemporary Europe, European literature, logic and composition, French and Italian languages.

The cost of this education is high—about \$5,000 for the year, including all the trips. The school shuns "unstable problem students," and "the oversophisticated," but welcomes late-blooming students whose high school grades may not have been tops. Yale-bound Jeff Graham, 17, son of a Michigan equipment manufacturer, sums up the experience: "At Exeter I did well, but had no great enthusiasm. I was in a sort of academic mud bog, but here something seemed to catch. This place has brought a lot of us out of our little tiny shells."



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POP

Bing-Bang Landscapes

Manhattan Art Dealer Leo Castelli is one of the biggest boosters of pop art. As if to confound critics who are proclaiming that the boom is already a bust, Castelli in the past fortnight has managed to sell the world's largest pop painting, by James Rosenquist, and exhibited the world's noisiest contemporary sculpture, by Robert Rauschenberg. What do the two have to do with each other? To hear the artists tell it, both are simply expressions of today's urban landscape.

58-Ft. Woodward. Rosenquist's work, titled *F-111*, is 85 ft. long by 10 ft. high, or 13 ft. longer than its name-

his own superbillboard illustration of modern industrial culture.

To prevent the painting from being sold piecemeal, Pop Art Collector Robert Scull bought *F-111* for an extravagant \$60,000. He will need a museum to show it. "I realize I bought a monster," said Scull, "but the painting makes us look at our culture. Behind our prosperity is the ominous *F-111*." Says Scull's wife Ethel of her husband: "It's great, but I think he's mad."

Junk on Wheels. Robert Rauschenberg, 39, has already established himself as a pop hero by exhibiting a stuffed goat, his own bed, and lumps of genuine Fulton Street dirt as art, and picked up the 1964 Venice Biennale's International First Prize for painting

The Dollmaker

Most girls outgrow their dolls, but a sculptress named Marisol is an exception. She has made her dolls grow up with her. One 7-ft. 4-in. figure, *Baby Boy*, even clutches a small doll, with Marisol's features, in his gigantic fist. Her life-sized, deadpan puppets in brightly painted wood mock and mime the postures of people whom she meets (see opposite page).

At 35, Marisol, with her Latin Garbo looks, is an avant-garde celebrity in her own right. She has co-starred in Andy Warhol's film of uninterrupted osculation, *The Kiss*, and shown up at black-tie museum openings wearing such outfits as a silver snakeskin pants suit. But for all the splash she makes, Marisol is a mystery.

Born in Paris of Venezuelan parents, Marisol (means "sea and sun" in Spanish) dropped her last name, Escobar, as too masculine-sounding. She came to the U.S. in 1950, settled in Manhattan, and studied with Hans Hofmann. She speaks in the shy monotone whisper of wind wafting through Spanish moss, seems always to be peeking around the corners of her long black hair with nearly expressionless stealth, and only the keenest humor will send a smile rippling across her lips. It is the same face that appears again and again in her art, penciled on wood, cast in plaster, even peeping from a pasted-on photograph. "Some people have accused me of narcissism," she says, "but it is really easier to use myself as a model."

Marisol multiplies throughout her recently finished *The Party*, a group of 15 figures frozen in an elegant trance as if they were creatures in a dollhouse awaiting the touch of a magic wand to bring them to life. As their fairy godmother, Marisol makes them in her own image. She juxtaposes two- and three-dimensional images, real glasses with the painted tux of a three-faced butler, even installing a tiny, working transistor television set in the forehead of a female figure. For *The Visit*, she left something more of herself, putting her own purse—minus only her keys and wallet—into the playful setting.

Yet Marisol's dolls are not just witty toys. Although her art has been mistaken for pop, she is actually more the "wise primitive." She naturally admires the work of the Douanier Rousseau, as well as African, pre-Columbian and early American sculpture. Her statues can also suggest the hex of voodoo, and she admits, "Sometimes I get scared by my own work." She knows the primitive idea that making likenesses of people gives the maker power over them. "If I have a boy friend who has been nasty to me," says Marisol, "I will make a sculpture of him—maybe as a duck. But I don't do that to those who are nice to me."



PART OF ROSENQUIST'S "F-111" & MRS. SCULL

The view is Brodningnagian.

sake, the U.S.A.F.'s new variable-winged jet fighter-bomber. The painting is made up of 51 panels, some aluminum, and uses a side view of the jet as a background for a grab bag of contemporary images in phosphorescent Dayglo colors—a Firestone tire, an umbrella superimposed on a nuclear mushroom cloud, giant light bulbs, a beaming six-year-old under the chrome bushy of a hair dryer—all executed in Rosenquist's precise realistic style.

Despite its size, *F-111* is hardly a new departure for Rosenquist, 31, who started out as a billboard painter and feels that his early years gave him a unique outlook. He once did a 58-ft. by 20-ft. portrait of Actress Joanne Woodward for a Broadway signboard, and his view of women and the world has been Brodningnagian ever since. Says Rosenquist of his work: "I'm interested in contemporary vision—the flicker of chrome, reflections, rapid associations, quick flashes of light. Bing-bang! Bing-bang! I don't do anecdotes; I accumulate experiences." *F-111* is thus

with his silk-screen images taken from newsphotos. Last week at Castelli's, Rauschenberg unveiled his latest kick—electronic sculpture. Titled *Oracle*, it is a series of five disconnected wagons of carefully put together junk, which Rauschenberg thinks of as "a collage out of sound." The connecting links are auditory: four pieces tweet and woof, continuously tuning up and down the AM dial, through their own radio speakers. There is a fifth go-go cart with a control unit for the \$6,000 worth of electronic equipment.

"*Oracle* is hardly a matter of fun and games," insists Rauschenberg. "Through the use of materials—the old tub, car door, the window frame—I have represented a cross section of our culture. It's our own New York landscape." Neither the artist nor the gallery has decided on an asking price. "It's quite an impractical piece," admits Rauschenberg. "No one will buy that thing anyway," said a gallery aide, but then they did not expect anyone to buy an 85-ft.-long painting either.

MARISOL'S PLAYFUL POPPETS



SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY

TOYLIKE TOTEMS of the Venezuelan-born sculptress spoof American clichés in madcap carpentry. *The Visit* (above) captures the uneasy stiffness of a family encounter. Figure with yellow bow is

artist's cousin Leonore. *The Party* (below) is catered by a triple-faced butler and tray-carrying maid who, like some of the assembled guests, wear the pretty, masklike features of Marisol herself.

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THE THEATER

Poppycocky

The Roar of the Greasepaint—the Smell of the Crowd brings back Anthony Newley, the versatile book-song-mime-and-dance man of *Stop the World*, to belabor his favorite subject—what a raw deal the Little Man gets in this worst of all possible worlds. This time, Newley's ubiquitous underdog is called Cocky instead of Littlechap, though the aptest name for him would be Poppycocky.

Under a pretentiously artsy façade, Newley slams the audience with a sym-

HENRY GOTTWALD



NEWLEY & JILLSON IN "GREASEPAINT"
A slam of symbols.

bol as if it were a clown's pig bladder. Cocky is pitted against an autocratic upper-class fat cat in a dented top hat named Sir (Cyril Ritchard). Sir makes the rules for the Game of Life, which is played rather like circular hopscotch on a huge disk at stage center. Any time Cocky manages two jumps forward, he is forced to go three jumps or more backward. Arbitrary? Unreasonable? One understands—the game is hopelessly rigged.

Newley's cry, clown, cry songs provide errant moments of appeal, most notably a tuneful lament called *Who Can I Turn To (When Nobody Needs Me)*. A floppy band of little girls clad like the urchins in *Oliver!* scamper about the ramplike setting to create illusions of dance numbers. One grown-up girl (Joyce Jillson) lusciously blessed with beauty distracts the playgoer briefly from the show's glacial pace and Sir's ultimate comedown.

Newley has obviously modeled himself on Charlie Chaplin, but he loves the

master less than the master's cloak, and he wears it with a rueful difference. Where Chaplin was earthy, Newley is smirkingly vulgar. Chaplin was a prisoner of life who sang in his chains; Newley is a resentful slave of the class system who cries in his pint of bitters. Chaplin's Little Tramp was a tattered knight of the open road, dueling his foes with his wits and a twirling cane. Newley's Oh-So-Little Man, windily inflated with his rights and his wrongs, is a human editorial page who deplores God, the upper classes, atomic war and racial injustice.

The stage has often been used as a soapbox, but Newley's brand of social protest is stale, sour and weary. Since the same message would cost nothing on a street corner, it takes a certain amount of bogus adornment and gall to charge \$9.60 for it in the theater. *Greasepaint* has plenty of both.

Intellectual Twister

Square in the Eye. After exploring the lower depths of drug addiction in *The Connection*, and splashing a dramatic canvas with jesting surrealistic damnation in *The Apple*, Playwright Jack Gelber now fires a stream of satirical tracer bullets into contemporary marriage, careerism, the worshipful cults of surgery and psychoanalysis, and the costly cosmeticians of the death industry. Though his mind is finer than his means, Gelber is an intellectual twister and swinger with a phantasmagorical sense of the present.

Story is scarcely the focus of *Eye*. At the climax, a young wife and mother (Carol Rossen) dies. Before that, her unhappy teacher-husband (Philip Bruns), a Greenwich Village would-be painter, squabbles with her, with his unappetizing children, and with his equally unappetizing in-laws who treat him as an ethnic traitor for not being Jewish. He also covets his best friend's recently divorced wife.

Although Gelber is better at making points than creating people, his concern is with the autotelic personality whose life is as self-contained as a work of art, and who regards all other lives around him as tubes of paint to be squeezed onto his emotional self-portrait. In consequence, the sex battle becomes a war of egos. But Gelber's hero is concerned about being self-concerned, feels guilty about not feeling guilty, and this sullies the play with moral pathos—even while it is being abrasively funny.

Along the way, *Square in the Eye* etches a savagely ironic profile of the talkocrats, the people who talk of writing novels and painting pictures, who interminably discuss the problems of home and headline. A theatrical kaleidoscope with film sequences, stills and pop artifacts, *Square in the Eye* tickles the ribs to stab the brain.

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SHOW BUSINESS

THE ROAD

Hello, Dallas!

Ever since November 1963, Dallas has been analyzed, accused, denigrated and jumped upon. But last week a graceful woman with a positive air stood on the stage of the city's huge Music Hall and sang

Hello, Dallas!

Well, hello, Dallas!

It's so nice to be back home where I belong...

It was Mary Martin, playing the lead

BILL REAG



MARY MARTIN IN "DOLLY"
She outdrew the Veep.

in the road company of *Hello, Dolly!*, where her light soprano makes for a more dainty Dolly than the blonde baritone of Broadway's Carol Channing. Fresh from having set house records in Minneapolis, Kansas City and New Orleans, Mary had been welcomed at Dallas' Love Field by a larger crowd than had come out to see Hubert Humphrey five hours earlier. Among the 3,720 on opening night was Billie Jones, 68, Mary's Negro nurse back in Weatherford, who had seen her at the Music Hall in *Annie Get Your Gun* in 1947. At that performance, Billie had sat in a folding chair in the side balcony of a then segregated house. This time she was sitting proudly in black dress, matching hat, and pearls, seventh-row center.

TELEVISION

End Run

Early Bird's in the heavens, but all's still not right with the world of TV transmission. For one thing, the networks fret that when the free-trial period ends, the Communications Satellite Corp. might set an unrealistic fee for its use (current expectation: \$6,500 per hour). And for another thing, the

networks feel they are already paying an exorbitant amount for the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. landlines that now link them to their affiliated stations in the U.S. So ABC Boss Leonard Goldenson has proposed a solution: a domestic version of the Early Bird, which would hover over the U.S., could beam its signals directly to network stations, thus making an end run around the A.T. & T. facilities.

Goldenson's technicians tell him that ABC's bird could be built and launched for \$9,000,000. Annual maintenance during its five- to ten-year life span has been estimated at a mere \$1,500,000. Moving in quickly last week, Comsat insisted that operation of such a continental bird would be "our function, under the law passed by Congress." A subsequent preliminary meeting of ABC, Comsat, and Federal Communications Commission officials seemed to confirm the claim. But ABC would, of course, still enjoy an enormous economy with the new satellite, and at its annual meeting, also held last week, a stockholder offered Goldenson "congratulations on snapping the silver cord with A.T. & T." Not so fast. The shareholder had forgotten that ubiquitous Mother Bell has a dominant 29% piece of Comsat.

The Great Carson

It is that time at night when the news is over and some smily-toothed character is guessing tomorrow's weather. At that moment insomniacs all over America grab for the TV schedule to check the late and late movies. Every weekday night, 260 weekday nights a year, some 8,700,000 of them decide against the films in favor of spending their last waking hour and 45 minutes with Johnny Carson.

What they see is a trim, agreeable fellow whose all-American good looks at 39 are just this side of boyish, whose

doubletakes are this side of coy, and whose laughter and breakups are infectious. He likes to start slowly with an easygoing topical monologue, maybe kidding the Mets ("The only team that has to fight back from a three-run lead"), or poking fun at the New York World's Fair's doldrums ("They've got a belly dancer at the Moroccan Pavilion now, but she has a cobweb in her navel"), or satirizing TV ("The television business is tough, as I was saying just the other day to my waiter, Jim Aubrey").

After that, he settles down to talk to guests ranging from Bob Hope and California Governor Pat Brown to book-plugging authors and bust-pushing starlets. Like aspirin, the ingredients are all known—story-topping sessions with fellow comedians, the all-out effort from the unknown singer, back talk from Bandleader Skitch Henderson. And, like aspirin, it is fast-acting, pain-relieving, and generally pleasant.

From Caffeine to Sanka. The formula was first compounded by Jack Paar, and when Paar decided to call it quits three years ago, he pointed to Carson as "the one man who could or should replace me." For Carson, it was a tough assignment. Paar's emotionalism had made the show the biggest sleep-stopper since caffeine. By contrast, Carson came on like pure Sanka. But soon his low-key, affable humor began to prove addictive. Paar generated new interest, but Carson was watched.

Today Carson's average 8,700,000 audience tops Paar's highest rating by 300,000, and his estimated \$19 million in sponsor billings this year will edge Paar's top by \$4,000,000. Carson makes it look so easy that others have been prompted to get in on the act. ABC has been running a competitor, *Nightlife*, for almost three months, and Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. syndicates Merv Griffin, a cheery-faced former singer who was once mentioned as a Paar replacement. The net effect of both shows



JOHNNY WITH SKATEBOARD CHAMP

He clicked where others clanked.



AT HOME WITH WIFE

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Achieving Phi Beta Kappa and winning letters in track and football while working his way through Western Reserve University, John S. Watterson, Jr., demonstrated his well-rounded abilities early. Starting his investment career in 1926, he joined Paine, Webber in 1933, worked at "every job in the shop" and became a partner in 1954. Mr. Watterson is a Governor of Western Reserve University and a member of its Finance Committee, Trustee of the Church of the Covenant, Medical Mutual, Inc., and University School. He has also served as president of the Cleveland Society of Securities Analysts, Governor of the Bond Club of Cleveland, and vice president of the National Federation of Financial Analysts Societies.

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to date on Carson's: nil. His New York area rating is five times their combined total.

Mifey Master. What makes Carson click where others clank? Besides having a pleasant, offhand personality, he's on top of his show all the time. He can neatly put a restraining ring through the nose of a bore, guide and sharpen the performance of an amateur—like the girls' national skateboard champion who appeared last week. He is a first-rate ad-libber, and has apparently stored away every joke he ever heard.

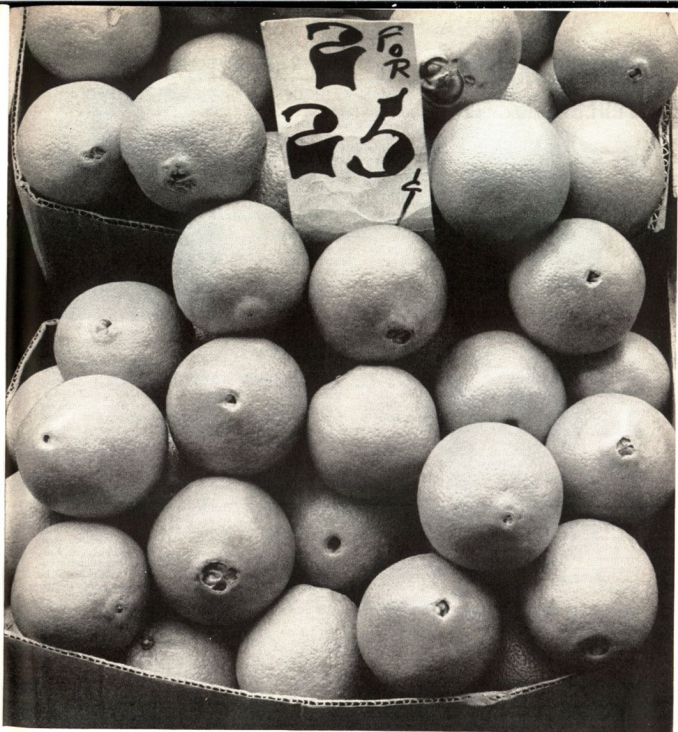
Carson started in show business in his home town of Norfolk, Neb., where at twelve he appeared as The Great Carsoni, the mifey master of magic and ventriloquism (he can still do both). After graduation as a journalism major from the University of Nebraska, he became a disk jockey, was a writer for CBS's Red Skelton, then quipster-quizz-master for ABC's afternoon *Who Do You Trust?* And in his five years of squeezing comedy out of contestants, Carson found just the honing he needed for *The Tonight Show*.

Carson's NBC salary is more than \$200,000, and during his July vacation from the show he fleshes this out with performances at Las Vegas' Sahara Hotel for an estimated \$25,000 a week. He lives in Manhattan with Second Wife Joanne and his three sons by his first marriage. By normal star standards, he is a most relaxed, easygoing man. But the frustrations do build, and he works them out on a dizzying number of interests: scuba diving, fishing, boating, drums, weights, photography, flying, astronomy, and currently singing and playing the guitar. Confesses Carson: "My threshold of boredom is low."

Reprieve for Pay TV

Last November California voters, spurred on by movie-theater owners and commercial-TV interests, clobbered pay TV in their state. In a referendum, they turned thumbs down on the right of Subscription Television Inc. to use public-utility telephone lines. To STV President Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver this seemed an outrageous violation of the First Amendment, a curtailment of freedom of speech. He filed suit, and last week the California superior court agreed with him.

California's district attorney can still appeal, and Weaver's STV will stay dark until the decision is final, but Superior Court Judge Irving Perluss stated that he was "able to discern only the conjecture from certain viewpoints (some of which are not entirely unbiased) that subscription television may destroy free television operation. In the final analysis, it would appear the charges here made [against pay TV] could have been made by the radio industry when television was made available for the home and by the producers of silent pictures when Al Jolson sang in *The Jazz Singer*. Invention and progress may not and should not be so restricted."



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Sixty percent of the cost of raising an orange, like most fruits, is spent on spraying to prevent crop damage.

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Because the average sprayer is as big as a fire engine, requires three men and tons of water to spray the heavy chemicals. It runs only 20 minutes before it's empty. No wonder it's costly.

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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A New "Black Pope"

In all its 431-year history, the Society of Jesus has never gone outside continental Europe to find a Father General. Meeting last week in Rome, Jesuit delegates kept the tradition intact, elected the Very Rev. Pedro Arrupe, 57, Spanish-born Jesuit provincial (area chief) of Japan, to be the order's 28th leader and the Roman Catholic Church's new "Black Pope."

The sixth Spaniard to head the Jesuits, Arrupe was born in Bilbao, studied medicine at the University of Madrid, and entered the Jesuit order in 1927. Five years later, despite the careful neutrality of men like Arrupe, the Spanish Republic banned Jesuits from the country. Arrupe went to Belgium to continue his schooling, then Holland, later came to the U.S., where he studied at St. Mary's College in Kansas and St. Stanislaus in Cleveland.

On Aug. 6, 1945 he was master of novices at Japan's Jesuit novitiate six miles outside Hiroshima. At 8:15 a.m. novitiate windows were shattered by a violent blast. Soon after, refugees began streaming from the city, and Father Arrupe made some sort of history by organizing one of the first medical supply teams ever to aid an atom-bombed city. In 1954, he was named Jesuit vice provincial for Japan, and four years later, after Japan was elevated to a full Jesuit province, became provincial.

Slim, white-haired and scholarly, Arrupe fills a vacancy created last October by the death of the Very Rev. John Baptist Janssens of Belgium. He takes over the leadership of the 36,000-member order, the most influential in the Roman Catholic Church, at a time when the Jesuits are considering reform (TIME, May 21). Arrupe has some definite ideas on what that reform should be. Said an American Jesuit delegate after last week's election: "He wants to update the structure of the order. He sees the need for advanced studies. He's a man of big ideas in the right sense. He has a mystical slant and knows the meaning of prayer—without being stuffy."

CHURCHES

Financing Fair Employment

After the sermon and the sit-in, U.S. churches are now using economic pressure to assist the Negro in his struggle for social and economic justice. Both Catholic and Protestant bodies are trying to see that the millions of dollars they hand out daily to commercial firms go to companies with fair-employment hiring practices.

This month Roman Catholic Archbishop John F. Dearden of Detroit and St. Louis' Joseph Cardinal Ritter announced



JESUIT FATHER GENERAL ARRUPE
Big ideas in the right sense.

that they would give preferential treatment to suppliers who gave equal opportunity to minority groups; the same policy will eventually be applied to contractors. Under the terms of "Project Equality," bids from suppliers will be judged not only on the basis of cost and quality, but also on the company's fair-employment practices record. Directors of the project expect that within two years this policy will be adopted by at least 40 other dioceses.

Confining Investments. Protestant churches are taking similar action. Recently, the Episcopal Diocese of New York passed a resolution asking church agencies and parishes to confine their investments to corporations that have "demonstrated their commitment to equal opportunity in employment." In Chicago, churches belonging to the city's nondenominational Conference on Religion and Race all have fair-employment clauses in their hiring contracts; next month a five-man committee of financial experts will begin a study of one Protestant denomination's financial portfolio to see how its assets can best be used to further integration. The United Presbyterian Church insists on fair-employment clauses in all contracts, is also planning to invest its funds in integrated housing projects.

Church leaders admit that it is somewhat easier to set such a policy than to enforce it. Because of their decentralized structures, most Protestant bodies have to rely on persuasion rather than what they shudder to hear called a boycott, and local churches have had little luck in trying to go it alone. When one racially mixed Presbyterian church in St. Louis insisted on a fair-employment clause in a contract to renovate its sanctuary and build a new community house, it spent months trying to find a contractor willing to cooperate. Even then, difficulties were encountered—such as pipes filled with concrete. Was

The view from scenic
Mulholland Drive,
Los Angeles, California.



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Bart

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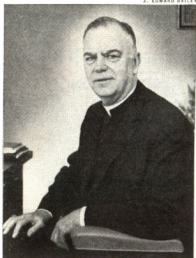
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ARCHBISHOP DEARDEN
Judging the record.

this a deliberate attempt to frustrate integration? "You can draw your own conclusions," answers the pastor.

Our Hands Are Tied. Moreover, where does the blame lie? "We'll sign," says President John Armstrong of Detroit's Darin & Armstrong Construction Co., "but our hands are tied as to what the unions will do." For their part, unions insist that there are seldom enough qualified Negro applicants for jobs—and in any case, liberal-minded clergy find it easier to condemn discrimination by employers rather than by unions. Dr. Gayraud Wilmore, director of the United Presbyterian Religion and Race Commission, admits that many churches are content to accept a letter from a corporation official, and do little in the way of following up their contractual demands.

Nonetheless, the churches' fair-employment policy has already produced some small but tangible results. Since the Roman Catholic diocese of Greensburg, Pa., introduced fair-hiring clauses into its contracts, the area's Negro groups have issued no complaints against city builders. Most Christian leaders are convinced that the churches' financial power, which contributed \$900 million worth of new building to the U.S. economy last year, is a force that can and must be used to further social equality. "Either you use your assets to further integration or to impede integration," says Eugene Callahan, executive director of the Chicago Conference.

THE BIBLE

Translation on Trial

Bible translators feel that since the New Testament was written in *brisk, koine* (common) Greek, contemporary versions should reflect its informal spirit, even if they have to be updated every generation as language changes. For the first time, U.S. Roman Catholics are now finding out what this theory

means in practice (Protestants, by comparison, have had the racy J. B. Phillips version since 1958, and the New English Bible since 1961). When they adopted the vernacular Mass last fall, with Epistle and Gospel readings in English instead of Latin, the U.S. hierarchy took their texts from the still unfinished *Confraternity Bible*—and have been hearing about it ever since.

No More Amens. The New Testament translation was undertaken in 1956 by a team of Catholic Biblical scholars under the sponsorship of the *Confraternity of Christian Doctrine*, which directs the religious training of Catholic children outside parochial schools. Since the translators followed the original Greek rather than the Latin Vulgate, they had to sacrifice some sonorous phrases familiar to Catholic ears from the Douay version and from a prewar *Confraternity New Testament* that was based on the Vulgate. Instead of "Amen, amen, I say to you," Jesus' teaching is prefaced by "I solemnly assure you."

Notably successful in straightening out the tangled prose of the Pauline Epistles, the *Confraternity* translation occasionally falters into leaden phrasing in the Gospels. The parable of the sower and the seed (*Matthew 13:24-30*) begins with all the grace of an Agriculture Department bulletin: "The kingdom of heaven may be compared to the situation of a farmer who sowed good seed in his field."

Not This Fellow. The blunt modern quality of the translation has delighted many Catholics but shocked others, and the correspondence columns of diocesan newspapers have recently been filled with letters about the version. "I haven't met anybody who has liked it," says Msgr. Charles Finn, pastor of Boston's Holy Name Church, and Bishop Robert J. Dwyer of Reno complains that the translation reduces "language to its lowest common denominator of intelligibility." Some critics saw an implied denial of Christ's divinity in the *Confraternity* phrasing of *Matthew 28:6*: the two women at Jesus' tomb are told, "He has been raised," not "He has risen."

"The charges of heresy are nonsensical," answers Msgr. Myles Bourke of St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers, N.Y. One of the nation's most respected New Testament scholars, Bourke explains that many Protestant versions use "fellow" where Jesus' enemies speak of him contemptuously, and that the passive "He has been raised" follows the Greek verb precisely. Bourke further notes that the New Testament translation is only about half completed, and that the texts will be reviewed for style by a literary editor before they are formally published in 1968. By then, the translators feel, Catholic critics may change their minds, and take pride in having for their own one of the century's most accurate and up-to-date versions of the New Testament.

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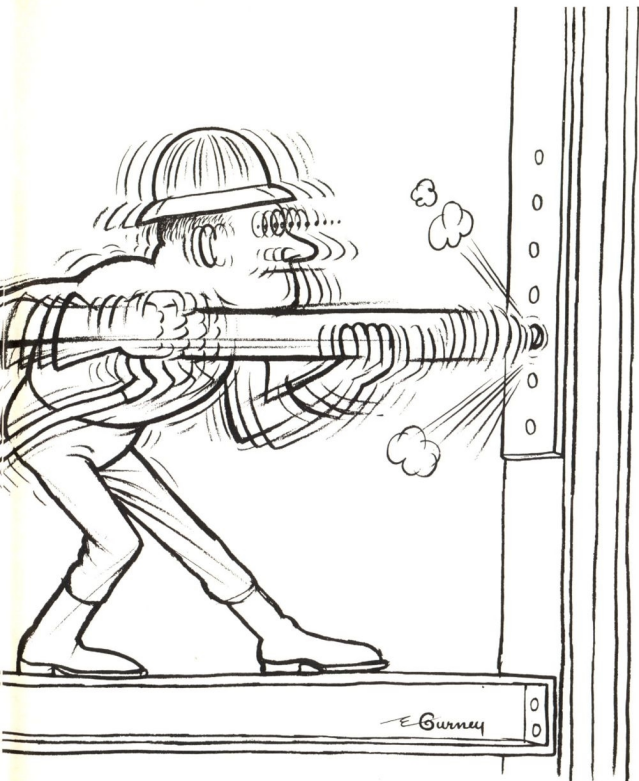
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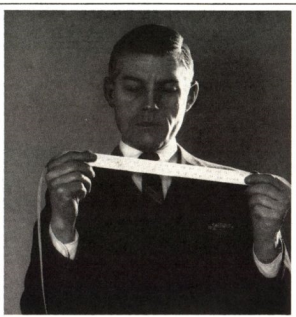
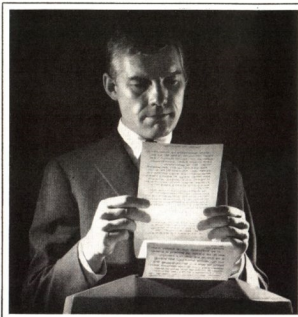


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U.S. BUSINESS

TAXES

The Logical Step

Federal excise taxes have usually been temporary measures, mostly during war-time, and they have ebbed and flowed many times since they were widely introduced during the Civil War. They have been so persistent for many years, however, that less than half the U.S. population remember a time when they did not have to pay such taxes on scores of everyday goods and services, from autos to leases on safe-deposit boxes. Now the biggest excise-tax cut in U.S. history is speeding through Congress.

In a mere three days after Lyndon Johnson asked Congress to cut these taxes by \$4 billion, the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee last week not only approved all but one minor reduction that the President asked, but deepened the cuts by another \$900 million—chiefly by voting to phase out the 10% manufacturer's tax on automobiles entirely by Jan. 1, 1969 instead of shrinking it to a permanent 5% two years earlier. House leaders figure on a floor vote in the first week of June, a date that would leave the Senate plenty of time to act before July 1, when the President wants most of the changes to go into effect.

Good Timing. As it stands now, the bill would end excise taxes completely on more than 1,000 items, among them the 10% retail levies on jewelry, furs, cosmetics, luggage and handbags, as well as manufacturer's taxes at varying rates on everything from business machines to cameras, radios and playing cards. The 10% tax on telephone and Teletype service would fall to 3% next Jan. 1, be repealed in stages over the following three years. Levies on stock and bond sales, property conveyance,

light bulbs and auto parts would also die Jan. 1.

Though \$1.3 billion of the President's proposed \$4 billion tax trim involved taxes that were due to expire June 30 anyway (such as the tax on air tickets), businessmen cheered the cut's timing. It will not only help raise sales of some items at their seasonal bottom (TV sets, furs, phonographs), but also prevent a slump in peak-time sales of autos and air conditioners by making their cuts retroactive to May 15. Automen, anticipating sales of 250,000 more cars this year as a result of the cut, promised prompt excise refunds (direct from Detroit) on cars bought between now and July 1, and most air-conditioner makers made arrangements to do the same. The President urged businessmen to pass on the full amount of the tax cut to consumers—and most of them seemed ready to do so. Montgomery Ward and several other big stores said that they would make tax refunds on big appliances bought between now and July 1, even if Congress does not make the cuts retroactive. Said Chicago Discounter Sol Polk, who will go even further and cut prices immediately by the amount of the excise slash: "Business has been good. Now it can be really good."

Implacable Foe. The architect of this pleasant package is a limelight-shunning lawyer named Stanley Sterling Surrey, who was drafted from a professorship at Harvard in 1961 by John Kennedy to become Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Tax Policy. Surrey, 54, earns his \$27,000 a year by putting in ten hours a day, six days a week at his paper-strewn desk, lugs a briefcase stuffed with documents to his Georgetown home most nights, rarely takes a vacation. Surrey has a grasp of taxation that has impressed Congressmen and Presidents alike, but he is such an articulate advocate of tax reform and such an implacable foe of tax loopholes that oil, mining and banking interests tried to block his nomination. He helped shape the \$1.5 billion depreciation reform of 1962 and the \$11.5 billion income tax cut of 1964, regards excise taxes as "a haphazard and discriminatory jumble which was the next logical step in reforming the tax system."

Many economists disagree about the timing of the excise-tax cut, some feeling that the reductions would be more valuable next year when the economy may need a strong push. For businessmen and consumers, nonetheless, the cut was a boon that will surely help out just when there are some faint signs of a downturn in consumer interest. The Ways and Means Committee even threw in a bit of extra, early seasonal cheer: it advanced repeal of the 10% tax on cabarets and theater tickets from next Jan. 1 to noon on New Year's Eve.



PENNEY & BATTEN
Escaping a threat of obsolescence.

CORPORATIONS

Changes for a Penney

Of the 300 stockholders at the annual meeting of the J. C. Penney Co. in Manhattan last week none displayed more understandable satisfaction with the proceedings than the company's biggest individual stockholder: semi-retired Founder James Cash Penney, 89, who holds 258,018 shares worth \$19.4 million. The 1,676-store chain reported that it passed \$2 billion in sales last year for the first time, gained 9.9% in the first quarter of 1965, and expects a full year rise of from 4% to 6%. The irony is that this has been accomplished by reversing most of the guidelines that Founder Penney had followed since he opened his first store in 1902.

Quant & Mitzou. Under J. C.'s rule, 96% of Penney stock was in soft goods, cash was the key word, and Penney's familiar black and mustard-yellow signs were small-town landmarks. In Penney's new-look stores, 25% of the space is given over to such fast-moving and profitable hard goods as TV sets and washers; this year the company will move into plumbing supplies, nursery stock and musical instruments. The chain now has 5,500,000 charge-account customers who last year accounted for 30% of sales; moreover, it has opened 405 desks in Penney stores to take catalogue orders directly from shoppers or by telephone, and is adding 50 more to increase the \$630 million business written up last year from its glossy, 1,098-page, 65,000-item catalogue. Penney is about to build, in Bay Shore, L.I., its largest "new-generation"



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MANAGEMENT

How the Sons Rise

store, which will have three floors of merchandise, a restaurant, a beauty salon, and a 20-bay auto center that will dispense Penney gasoline and the company's Foremost tires. Even the soft goods have changed dramatically: though Penney has kept its prices moderate, it now uses such stylish designers as London's Mary Quant and Mitzou of Madrid to create Penney dresses.

The change in Penney began in 1957 after executives looked at surging Sears, Roebuck and decided that their brand of merchandising would be obsolete by 1970. The prime mover was William M. Batten, a West Virginia storekeeper's son who clerked for Penney at 17 before studying economics. He undertook a two-year, 150-page study that proved so thorough that he was promoted from vice president to president and chief executive in 1958 to implement it. (In 1964, Batten moved up to chairman.) Besides remodeling small stores ("For years we were only in small towns," says Vice President William L. Marshall, "and we're not about to forsake them"), Penney moved into the cities and suburbs, expanded into hard goods, added 47 auto centers for shoppers on wheels. J. C. was finally persuaded that credit was essential, now says of the policy change he most opposed: "It seems to be working."

Waiting for 100. The changeover is not yet completed. This year Penney will build eight more stores that will average three times the space of stores opened five years ago, will relocate 26 stores and add 53 auto centers. In one Penney tradition that continues, the \$40 million program will be financed out of cash reserves. By 1970, instead of being obsolete, Penney should be half again as big as it is now. Far from resenting the new look, J. C. Penney likes it so much that he plans a 100th birthday party eleven years from now to coincide with what he expects will be the chain's first \$3 billion sales year.

* "Foremost" is a favorite Penney label. The Florida dairy with that name that J. C. founded in 1929, now has \$415 million in annual sales. J. C. retains a minor interest.

The young Yaleman who recently entered executive training at Pittsburgh's H. J. Heinz Co. was typical in everything but his well-tested name: H. J. (for Henry John) Heinz III. The son, grandson and great-grandson of Heinz presidents, Jack Heinz, 27, may someday run the company—but that future is by no means assured. Widespread public ownership of companies that once were family-owned has ruled out most automatic successions, and the sons of corporate bosses have to work hard and compete with a lot of bright young men if they hope to win their fathers' posts. Fortunately for U.S. business, many sons are showing not only that they can guide companies to bigger growth and better profits, but that they can often do better than their fathers. In the process, they are disproving the Greek adage that "great men's sons seldom do well" and silencing the hoary sayings and snickers about the boss's son.

Talent & Work. San Francisco's Levi Strauss & Co., a family-owned firm that has grown from work pants to general men's sportswear, has nearly tripled its size under the aggressive direction of Walter A. Haas Jr., 49, who took over his father's old job in 1958. In the same year, Edward B. Rust, 46, became president of State Farm Mutual Insurance when Father Adlai stepped up to chairman; under Edward, the nation's largest automobile insurance firm has increased its policyholders from 5,500,000 to 8,500,000, raised its premium income 123% to \$727,800,000.

Though Ralph Lazarus, 51, was assured a job with Cincinnati-based Federated Department Stores because he was the fourth generation of what Cincinnatians call "the Lazari," it was talent and hard work that made him rise to the presidency, where he is coequal with Father Fred Jr., 80, Federated's chairman. Ralph now does most of the traveling, makes most of the decisions, and is chiefly responsible for the first \$1 billion sales year in Federated's history. Since his father died in 1959, Motorola Chairman Robert W. Galvin, 42, has increased sales 43%, introduced such

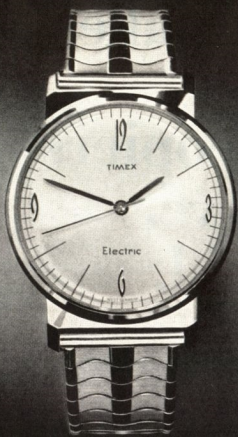


WAX'S SAMUEL & HERBERT JOHNSON

profitable lines as color TV and space communications equipment. As president of family-held Anheuser-Busch, Inc., and the son and grandson of presidents, August A. Busch, 66, has made his company the nation's leading brewery, is gradually turning over responsibilities to August III, 28, who is currently proving himself as vice president of marketing.

Afternoons in the Plant. The list of well-known sons who have been successes is long, includes Kaiser Industries' Edgar F. Kaiser, 56, Douglas Aircraft's Donald W. Douglas Jr., 47, and General Tire's Michael G. O'Neil, 43, who runs his father's firm in a kind of triumvirate with Brothers Thomas, 49, and John, 47. One of the recent comers is Howard Johnson, 32, who took over complete control of the restaurant and motel chain when his father retired last year. He has increased the number of restaurants, quintupled the motel business by adding rapid-telephone reservations, introduced a new cola drink (HoJo) and is expanding to the West Coast. The younger Johnson also increased the number of corporate vice presidents from four to 45, moving his father to comment: "I had a lot of good people, but they were not allowed to express themselves as they do now."

Family pride usually motivates cor-



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XEROX

porate sons to do well. "I've lived with a basic philosophy about this business all my life," says Samuel C. Johnson, 37, executive vice president of Johnson's Wax; the fourth in a family line to enter the business, young Johnson can expect higher things when his father, Chairman Herbert Fisk Johnson, 65, steps down. Exposure to the inside of a company at an early age is often a definite advantage. Motorola's Galvin accompanied his father on business trips when he was eight. Charles Gates, 44, president of Denver's Gates Rubber Co., spent schoolboy afternoons in his father's plant, on the way home got lectures from dad on the rubber business. Says General Tire's Michael O'Neil: "I was 38 years old when I was named president. And that's how many years I spent getting ready for the job."

Sons often enjoy special, frank relationships with their fathers that cut through the usual corporate rituals. Hallmark Cards' Joyce C. Hall, 73, says of Son Donald, 36, his administrative vice president: "As father and son, we can go a little further in disagreeing than anybody else and still work it out quickly." On the other hand, this very familiarity can make it more difficult for the son to win non-family recognition of his talents. "No matter what you do, some people will think that being the son of the boss is why you got there," says State Farm's Rust. "Often that same question weighs on your own mind."

Thicker Than Blood. Many a son turns out to have a better grasp of the changing business world than his father had. Hotel Corp. of America's President Roger P. Sonnabend, 38, wrote a thesis at Harvard Business School on how to save money through group purchases and sales of hotels, sold the theory to Father Abe—and has made it work. David Schwartz, 62, who built Jonathan Logan Inc. into Seventh Avenue's biggest women's wear firm and last year stepped up from president to chairman to make room for Son Richard, 26, says: "When I made an acquisition, I did it by feel. But we're too big now. It's my son who says, 'We don't buy anything unless it is doing X amount of business.'"

Red ink is a lot thicker than blood, and it is a rare father in modern business who is willing to turn over his company to a less-than-able son. Says Chairman Willard F. Rockwell, 77, of Son Willard Jr., 51, who was named president and chief executive of Pittsburgh's Rockwell Manufacturing Co. last month: "I knew he deserved it. But from the beginning, if I hadn't thought he could do the job, I'd have given him a bundle of money, sent him off to be a playboy, and hired somebody who could." The surprising thing about the corporate sons is that so many prefer the hard work of the executive suite to the soft alternative. This pleases the fathers, and most of them do not try to make it easy for their sons. Among Heinz executives, at President H.J. Heinz

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May 12, 1993

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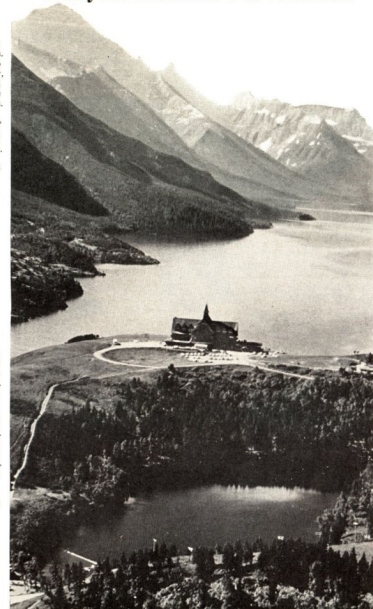
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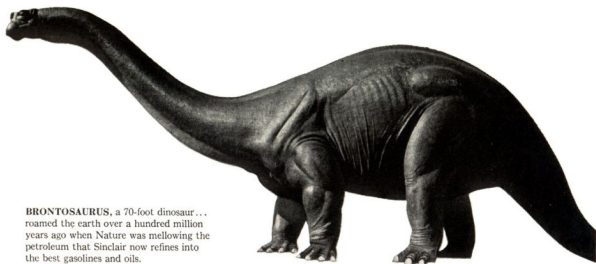
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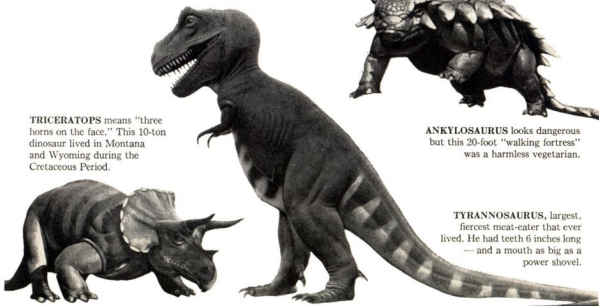
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AUTOS

That Luxurious Feeling

While the sales of compact, inexpensive cars are declining rapidly at one end of Detroit's price spectrum, sales of luxury cars—those with basic prices above \$4,000—are doing better than ever at the other end. Benefiting from the consumer's urge to "trade up" in times of prosperity, the luxury cars are rolling

early success of Ford's Thunderbird (\$4,486 for a two-door hardtop), Detroit has made such entries as the Buick Riviera (\$4,408), the Oldsmobile Starfire (\$4,148) and Chrysler's 300-L (\$4,168). The new sports cars combine racy lines, bucket seats and consoles, and plush, gadget-filled interiors, can cost more than the least expensive Cadillac, when accessories are added. Cadillac goes higher than any other car, however: its Seventy-Five limousine costs \$9,960, and a raft of accessories can drive the price of a Cadillac as high as \$10,968.

Testing Pioneers. Luxury cars include as standard equipment the automatic transmission, power brakes and power steering that are optional on less expensive cars. More carefully assembled and inspected than other cars, they offer larger engines, better suspension and insulation, more comfortable seats. Every Lincoln Continental, for example, gets a twelve-mile road test before being delivered to the dealer. Accessories are also grander. For an extra \$495, a Cadillac buyer can get a combination heating-and-air-conditioning system that automatically maintains the temperature of his choice throughout the year; for another \$141, his car will be upholstered in genuine leather. Continental offers individually adjustable contour seats and a powered trunk lid that is unlocked and opened with a dashboard control. More than 45% of Imperial customers order vinyl-covered roofs for an additional \$111.

The low-volume, high-profit luxury car has proved to be an ideal vehicle for market testing Detroit's expensive new accessories and styling ideas. Hydra-Matic, the first successful automatic transmission, started out on the Cadillac; so did the first auto tail fins, which spread through the industry before receding. Cadillac's turning lights, which provide side illumination during a turn, have been adopted by other G.M. divisions, will appear on the 1966 models of some competitors. The Lincoln Continental's handsome slab sides, introduced on the 1961 model, set a styling trend that still dominates Detroit; next fall Ford will bring out a Continental restyled for the first time in five years, will also reintroduce the two-door model dropped in 1960. As the expensive features have spread down into the market, they have created a whole new genre of car: Pontiac's Grand Prix, Chevrolet's Caprice, Ford's LTD.

Privileged Many. Who are the privileged many who buy luxury cars? The average Continental owner, Ford's Lincoln-Mercury division discovered in a recent survey, is 54 years old, earns \$25,000 a year, and has completed more than two years of college. Nearly two-thirds of Continental owners are managers, proprietors or professional men. Even more impressive: although Continentals can cost as much as \$8,500, 81% of the customers pay for them in cash.



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along at a record 400,000 annual-sales rate, have raised their share of the market from 3.9% to 4.6% since 1963. General Motors' Cadillac, the long-established expensive-car leader, has set new sales records for 16 consecutive ten-day periods, this year had its best first quarter in history, Lincoln Continental is in its fifth straight year of sales increase, has doubled its 1960 sales rate.

Aware of the trend, others have invaded what was once the domain of Cadillac (basic Detroit price for a four-door sedan with standard equipment: \$5,247), Lincoln (\$6,292) and the Chrysler Imperial (\$5,795). The Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight, the Buick Electra 225 and the Chrysler New Yorker, top models in traditional medium-price lines, have evolved into luxury cars and penetrated the \$4,000 mark. A growing array of luxury sports cars has also entered the field. Copying the

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WORLD BUSINESS

IRON CURTAIN

Drumming Up Trade

The East-West trade winds are stirring with uncommon force. Both a U.S. presidential commission and the prestigious Committee for Economic Development have urged the U.S. to expand its commerce with Eastern Europe, and President Johnson repeated his earlier promise to ease restrictions on sales to Russia and its satellites. Going farther, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce at its annual meeting urged the U.S. to "open channels of communications with the people of Communist China." Last week the trade drive picked up speed in three European capitals. The U.S. opened its first trade show in Budapest amid the whirl of computers and the roar of tractors; West Germany unveiled a \$6,000,000 industrial display in Bucharest; and the Red Chinese showed up at the Paris Trade Fair with the biggest and best display of the 37 nations present.

Cool & Cashmere. East-West trade has been rising by 10% annually, in 1965 is expected to top \$7 billion for the first time in history. This commerce takes some fascinating forms. Japan imports millions of dollars worth of coal from North Viet Nam—and is distressed because the trade recently has been impeded by the refusal of some frightened Japanese seamen to sail into Vietnamese waters. Britain buys cashmere from Red China, weaves it into sweaters and socks for sale to the U.S. and other Western countries. Italy is keeping its state-run shipyards busy by building six tankers for Russia. Several countries rely heavily on their sales to the East: Finland sends 18% of its exports behind the Iron Curtain, Austria and Greece 20% each.

Many Western businessmen think that trade can be expanded substantially, view the vastness stretching from the Brandenburg Gate to the China Sea as one of the world's greatest un-

derdeveloped markets. Russia is by far the East's biggest customer for capitalist enterprise, buying close to \$2 billion worth of goods from the West yearly. Red China is second with \$900 million worth of purchases, followed by Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany. The greatest seller is West Germany, whose Eastern exports last year jumped 20% to \$656 million. Second and third among traders with Communist nations: Britain and Italy. Japan and Spain are the leading non-Communist dealers with Cuba.

Declines & Disappointments. The Communists try to swap their raw commodities for sophisticated capitalist technology, but recently they have been forced by crop failures to import fewer Western machines and more Western food. For both Russia and Communist China the biggest import from the West is grain. China now takes more than 50% of Australia's wheat exports and 10% of Canada's; last week it agreed to buy about another \$100 million worth of grain from Canada. Most of the U.S.'s \$340 million worth of exports to the East last year was in the form of grain for Poland and Russia. While this business has helped to pare Western crop surpluses, it has the disadvantage of being a one-shot affair that will quickly end if and when the Communists straighten out their farm mess. Western businessmen are thus looking yearningly toward the more stable business of exporting hard goods to the Communist countries.

So far, they have been disappointed. France late last year signed a trade pact with Russia calling for a more than 100% increase in trade—to \$140 million annually in each direction—but its exports in 1965's first quarter rose scarcely 20%, to only \$13 million. Ita-

ly's sales to Russia dropped from \$114 million to \$91 million last year, and Britain's exports to Eastern Europe declined from \$342 million to \$276 million. Japanese businessmen had high hopes of increasing their sales to Red China from \$150 million last year to \$250 million this year, but Peking has canceled several deals because of Tokyo's refusal to extend low-interest, government-guaranteed credits. The Japanese will be lucky to increase their China trade to \$200 million this year.

Shortages & Shifts. A prime reason for the lag is that the Communists are strapped for cash. Their pools of hard currency and gold are shallow, and they have had to dip into them to pay for Western wheat during the recent farm crises. In their search for capitalist money, the Soviets recently opened a store in Moscow that sells luxuries to foreigners for Western currency, opened a similar store in London. The Communists are also trying to increase their barter deals—Red oil, furs, metals and other commodities for Western food, fertilizer and technology—but the West is already surfeited with the limited range of goods that the East has to offer.

As an alternative, the Communists are striving to develop better and cheaper industrial exports. Agricultural Bulgaria has begun to ship motors and small trucks to Greece, Switzerland and India. Poland, with help from the Swedes, is beginning to produce Scandinavian-style furniture, and Czechoslovakia's Skoda Works recently started selling huge machine tools to the U.S. To lift the quality of their production to world standards, the Communists are being forced to form joint companies with Western firms. Rumania's Foreign Trade Minister, Mihail Petri, has invited Italian companies to open plants in his country and share their management with the Communist government. West Germany's Krupp is negotiating similar deals in Poland and Bulgaria. Doing that kind of business with capitalism is a daring step for the Communists, but it holds out the largest promise for expanding East-West trade.

WESTERN EUROPE

The Tiger Goes Abroad

In Norway, miniature tiger tails flutter from scooters and sedans last week, and the signs along the highways struck a familiar note: *Putt en tiger pa tanken*. In Western Germany, it is *Pack' den Tiger in den Tank*; in The Netherlands, *Stop 'n Tiger in uw Tank*; in France, *Mettez un tigre dans votre moteur*; in Italy, *Netti un tigre nel motore*; and in Britain what else but "Put a tiger in your tank." The star of one of the most popular advertising campaigns ever hatched on Madison Avenue, Esso's frisky, whimsical tiger with the high-oc-



RED CHINESE CAR IN PARIS SHOW

A vast market from the Brandenburg Gate to the China Sea.



HARD-CURRENCY SHOP IN MOSCOW

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en tiger
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GASOLINE AD IN SWEDEN
Riding on a tale.

tane tail has become a roaring success all over Europe.

Though many U.S. ad campaigns are sharply revised and toned down for export, the tiger was crated and shipped with only minor changes, such as substituting "motor" for the untranslatable "tank" in the wording of French and Italian slogans. In just the month since it was introduced with unprecedented hoopla as Esso's first all-Europe promotional campaign, the drive has spread to 14 countries, leaving a trail of 1,000,000 tiger tails and such gimmickry as tiger T-shirts, balloons, pencils, coloring books, key rings, windshield decals and jigsaw puzzles.

Europeans, in fact, have added some touches of their own. Pump hoses are wrapped in tiger stripes, and some Dutch station attendants even dress up in tiger suits. At Rome's Vallerlunga auto race track last week, Esso wheeled out a caged circus tiger that stole the show. It has had a German pop singer record a rock 'n' roll song called *Tiger in the Tank*, with *Tiger Rag* on the flip side.

The Esso tiger has already stalked into everyday conversation, nightclub jokes, songs, editorials and politics. A British M.P. recently became so fired up by the delaying tactics of the House of Lords that he declared in the House of Commons that the Lords had "put a tiger in my tank." In a straight-faced editorial, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* feared that the tiger campaign could unleash "the beast of prey in drivers." Riding on the tiger tale, Esso stations in Europe are pumping record volumes; in France, April sales of Esso Extra rose 32% over last year. Italian motorists now drive up and ask station attendants simply for a *pieno di tigre*—a tankful of tiger. Italy's government-run E.N.I. petroleum company has become worried enough to strike back with ads proclaiming, "Our gas is serious."

ITALY

Double Feature

By strict economic standards, building modern passenger ships to ply the Atlantic makes little sense. A luxury liner costs upwards of \$50 million; a utilitarian jet costs one-tenth as much, can carry 15% more passengers over the same distance in the same amount of time. Moreover, the airlines have captured four-fifths of the Atlantic business, and several shipping companies are in trouble. These cold facts do not, however, chill the warmly sentimental directors of the state-run Italian Line. In the greatest investment in money and tonnage ever made by a shipping company in a single year, the line is introducing not just one luxury liner but two. Last week, after an eight-day trip from Genoa, the 45,900-ton *Michelangelo* glided into Manhattan on its maiden voyage; late in July its twin, the *Raffaello*, will go into service on the 4,700-nautical-mile run between the Italian Riviera and New York.

Props & Profits. The *Michelangelo* is eleven decks high and one-sixth of a mile long, has more swimming pools than any other ship (three each for adults and children—all outdoors and heated) and more art than several substantial museums. It has 30 bars, lounges and public galleries, and in its ample pantries carries 23,000 liters of wine, 3,500 liters of champagne and Asti Spumante and 330 lbs. of Iranian caviar. The ship also carries, however, a technical flaw common to many new ships: strong vibrations caused by slight faults in the propellers, which will be replaced when it returns to Genoa.

This high living may be a bit too rich for the Italian Line, which depends on an annual subsidy of some \$20 million from the government. Even if booked solid, charged Italian Air Force General Giuseppe Valle, the twin ships will lose \$80,000 on every voyage. Italian Line's director general Giuseppe Ali says that each vessel will run an "operational" profit when filled to 60% of its 1,700-passenger capacity, but his figures do not count amortizing the \$60 million cost of each ship. Still, argues Ali: "We must not be viewed only as producers of revenue but also as supporters of touristic development."

Younger & Bigger. The Italian government expects that the twin ships will lure tens of thousands of tourists to Italy, and that 70% of the voyagers will be dollar-dispensing Americans. By introducing two ships at once and simultaneously retiring the older *Vulcania* and *Saturnia*, the line reduced from 15 years to seven years the average age of its fleet on the competitive "Southern Atlantic" route, increased its capacity by 30%. Equally important, the twins created work for the Genoa and Trieste shipyards and the Italsider steel complex—all of which are owned by the Italian Line's parent, the IRI monopoly that is Italy's biggest enterprise.

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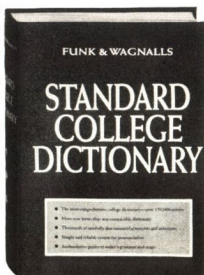
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MILESTONES

Divorced. By Judy Garland, 42: Sid Luft, 49, her third husband and one-time manager, whom she had sued for divorce three times previously, always recanting; on uncontested grounds of cruelty; after 13 years of marriage, two children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Celia Guevara, 58, mother of Che, Fidel Castro's Argentine-born jack-of-all-subversion, a screeching Communist fanatic who raised her *niño* on Marxist dogma but never had the influence she wanted until her son's rise to power in Cuba, after which she traveled the hemisphere as a Communist Front organizer clad in leather jacket and Basque beret, and forever sporting a pistol—even when she sat down to dinner; of cancer; in Buenos Aires.

Died. Horatius Albarda, 61, president of Royal Dutch Airlines, fourth among international carriers, an Amsterdam lawyer who took over the floundering, top-heavy company in 1963, cut losses from \$21 million to \$4,000,000 last year by pruning away 4,000 excess employees, restoring Far East service, eliminating old pistons and going for jets; of injuries sustained when the twin-engine Beechcraft in which he was a passenger crashed during a storm near St. Moritz, Switzerland, also killing his wife and the two pilots.

Died. Maria Dabrowska, 75, Poland's grande dame of letters and critic of Communist censorship, who last year joined 33 prominent intellectuals in a forlorn bid for greater freedom, and persisted after others gave up, best known for her sensitive four-volume saga (*Nights and Days*, 1934) of the rural gentry, and later studies of the landless peasantry; of heart and kidney ailments; near Warsaw, Poland.

Died. Brigadier General John Thomas Taylor, 79, a founder in 1919 of the still powerful American Legion (some 3,000,000 members); and its top lobbyist until his retirement in 1950, an imposing figure in grey spats and walking stick, who despite repeated presidential vetoes, was instrumental in securing an estimated \$13 billion in benefits for veterans prior to World War II; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, 82, pioneer British aircraft designer, who built his first plane in 1908 with \$5,000 lent by his grandfather, formed his own company in 1920 and went on to design World War II's fighting Mosquito and later the Vampire, first jet fighter in the free world to exceed 500 m.p.h., from which he conceived the four-jet Comet airliner, in a brilliant but crash-plagued attempt to capture the passenger market from U.S. planemakers; of a heart attack; in Watford, England.



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CINEMA

Questions of Identity

Mirage opens with a skyline view of Manhattan at dusk, and Director Edward Dmytryk quickly and Hitchcockily establishes the city's menacing mood. One glittering spire of steel and glass suddenly goes dark. Inside the building, corridors teem with silhouetted confusion—elevators stall, office parties begin, and the leader of a world-famous peace foundation plummets 27 floors to his death. Hero Gregory Peck, looking vaguely troubled, chooses to walk down. En route he meets an enigmatic beauty (Diane Baker) who seems to



PECK IN "MIRAGE"
Beauty in the basement.

know him intimately, though he has never seen her before. Or has he?

He follows the girl into a subbasement four floors below street level, and loses her. When he returns later, even the stairs have disappeared. He decides he is imagining things and tries unsuccessfully to get psychiatric help. He turns to a private detective (Walter Matthau), earnestly introducing himself as a cost accountant; then he realizes with a shock that he hasn't the slightest idea what a cost accountant is. After a quick check, Matthau reports succinctly: "For the last two years you've been doing something you know nothing about in an office that doesn't exist."

Before Peck discovers that he is a traumatized physicochemist, viewers must sweat along with him through several murders, a photogenic chase across Central Park, and a maddening game of mental gymnastics. Scenarist Peter Stone (*Charade*) varies the pace with droll asides, most of them knowingly shrugged off by Matthau as the reluctant snoop who abhors firearms and acts of heroism, and struggles gamely to look hard-bitten while guzzling Dr. Pepper.

Mirage offers prime-quality suspense

TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.

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up to the crucial point where the film tries to put its jigsaw plot in order. His amnesia beaten out of him, Peck recalls a top secret potent enough to neutralize radioactive fallout but not enough to keep a provocative movie from heading toward a mundane and faintly preposterous conclusion. Getting there is all the fun, but no one wants to find that out during the last reel of a thriller.

Rushing Roulette

Signpost to Murder, by contrast, has a neat surprise ending, though nothing that happens beforehand makes a solution seem urgent.

The conflict churns, at times quite literally, around an old English water mill with its paddle wheel shuffling and sloshing through Joanne Woodward's living room. Though the mill looks slickly renovated, the plot remains distressed antique: a woman whose husband is away is trapped by an escaped madman. Joanne is the sort of girl who prances around home modeling bathing suits or floppy hats, but her mood changes when the wheel starts scooping up gentlemen, living and dead.

First comes the lunatic (Stuart Whitman) who insists he is sane, yet cannot recall much about the night his wife was found with her throat slit. Joanne finds Whitman's story irresistible somehow, perhaps because her own marriage has been—well, difficult. She no sooner gives herself to her captor than fresh revelations come splashing to the surface.

Unfortunately, all of *Murder's* devices prove to be just about as hopelessly primitive as that. The dialogue offers a redoubtable challenge to actors required to speak it with straight faces. They get scant help from Director George Englund, who apparently felt stymied by a shocker in which the only new gimmick is the discovery of the wheel.

Black Exodus

Mister Moses is a quasi-Biblical, African melodrama in which Masai tribesmen appear to be following in the footsteps of the Israelites. Forced to abandon their ancestral village by the construction of a British dam that will soon inundate their homes, the Masai head for dry promised land under the leadership of a con man named Moses. Moses is Robert Mitchum, a diamond smuggler and quack doctor who peddles muscle tonic to the natives, packs precious stones in his stethoscope, and conducts his exodus with the unholier-than-thou sneer of a rascal who interprets Mosaic law as the survival of the fittest. Mitchum looks most comfortable when he climbs aboard an elephant called Emily and terrorizes the bureaucrat in charge of the sluice gates of an artificial lake, whereupon the waters part.

Filmed in Kenya, *Moses* too often skips over the dignified Masai and the glorious scenery in order to study the breed of wildlife Hollywood knows best. One cat is Ubi (Raymond St. Jacques),



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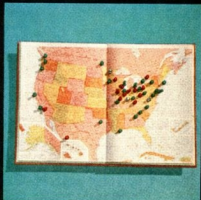
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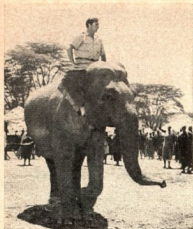
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MITCHUM & EMILY IN "MOSES"
Diamonds in the stethoscope.

a troublesome tribal hipster who has lived in Harlem, and can spout such phrases as: "You goofed it, daddy." Ever wary of what Ubi may do, Mitchum scarcely can find any time for Carroll Baker, who speaks a few words of Swahili rather competently and lets the rest of her lines fall where they may. Actress Baker behaves in a manner befitting a missionary's daughter who aspires to become a sex symbol, but in movies as forced, synthetic and flaccid as *Mister Moses*, one false image more or less need not be held up to undue scorn.

No Time for Sargent's

Harlow was one of the most lurid and luminous love goddesses Hollywood ever had. But never in her 26 unfortunate years—she died in 1937 of uremic poisoning—was Jean Harlow so exploited as in this purported biography produced by Bill Sargent's Electronovision Inc. The real Harlow was jade of purest quality; Sargent's Carol Lynley plays her as a pale finishing-school dropout turned unfinished actress, capturing the walk but not the talk. And Lynley is appropriately supported. Ginger Rogers and Barry Sullivan are grotesquely grasping as her stage mother and stepfather; Ephem Zimbalist Jr., playing a counterfeit composite of Harlow's last co-star, Clark Gable, and her last love, William Powell, seems more like Ronald Colman than either.

The cast can hardly be blamed for failing to get a fix on their parts. Sargent employed the rapid-fire, four-camera, damn-the-retakes shooting technique of television. However ragged the result on the big screen, this method enabled him to bring in his *Harlow* for one-seventh the cost (\$600,000) of a rival *Harlow* being produced simultaneously by Joseph Levine. More important, he finished it in one-seventh the time (eight days), so that Electronovision could steal the plunder from Levine, who will not have his Carroll Baker *Harlow* ready for première until the end of June.

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



THE MAN who frequently looks for trouble is not necessarily always pessimistic in our book. Actually, he may just be a competent manager doing his job.

When the details of a business appear to be under control, there is an altogether human tendency on the part of a manager to "leave well enough alone." In the words of a unique baseball character whose pitching ability almost matched his wit, "Never look behind you; something may be catching up."

But we think the manager who is frequently just a little uneasy—even when matters appear to be running smoothly—is more likely to be on top of his job. He will look for hidden flaws, and often ferret out these weaknesses before they can do any serious harm.

He'll know that beneath the apparently calm surface, there can be problems or faults that won't be uncovered without digging for them. Even worse can be the failure to anticipate that things have a way of changing—businesses, markets, styles, product demands—even people.

Consequently, we expect our managers to "look for trouble." It's a way of spotting hidden inadequacies, uncovering possible weaknesses, and curing them before they develop into serious problems. And if a manager should neglect this responsibility, there's a good chance we'll know it. We're "looking for trouble" ourselves.

It is forty-nine years since Sven Nordstrom created the first lubricated plug valve, a device that combined two vital qualities for the first time: absolutely tight-shut-off and easy operation. Many of Nordstrom's earliest valves are still operating today. And in the interval, scores of improvements and variations have been produced by Rockwell engineers, utilizing Nordstrom's basic principle. The latest is a new line of low-cost, steel-body Rockwell-Nordstrom plug valves specifically designed to be welded into gas distribution systems. With up to ten times the strength and ductility of conventional iron-flanged units, these new valves greatly reduce the possibility of fracture if gas mains are subjected to ground movement.

Twelve thousand orbits per minute could sound like the wildest space fiction imaginable. Actually, this is the speed of Rockwell's new heavy-duty Speed-Bloc sander. Weighing less than four pounds, this orbital sander is unusually compact, and the exclusive design which eliminates the conventional handle makes it, as our Power Tool Division people say, unusually "grab-able." This combination makes the tool ideal for overhead surfaces, four-way flush sanding close to vertical surfaces, accurate edge sanding and for contour sanding jobs normally done only by hand. The Speed-Bloc sander is double-insulated to protect the user against the potential hazard of electrical shock, and thus grounding is unnecessary.

One of the jobs of our Measurement and Control Division is to simplify the task of processing fluids and gases. One result of these efforts recently is a new automatic system to insure the controlled addition of a required amount of odorant to liquefied petroleum gas (LPG). This Rockwell LPG Odorant Injection System consists of a meter, pulser and pump for the additive; a ticket printer for additive and LPG; a Dual Quantrol Unit; and Rockwell-Brodie meters, quantity-control valves, strainers and other accessories. LPG flow, as well as additive injection, is measured and recorded. The printed ticket provides proof that customer orders, as well as National Fire Protection Association requirements, have been met.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



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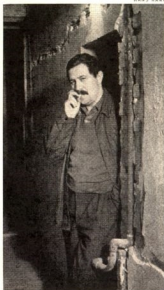
BOOKS

Hound of Hell

DOG YEARS by Günter Grass. 570 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$6.95.

It is scarcely surprising that a novel about the monstrous should prove to be a monstrosity. However, the third novel by Günter Grass is an impressive monstrosity.

Like his other books, *The Tin Drum* and *Cat and Mouse*, and like the rest of



GRASS

Out of scarecrows, guilt mockery.

the new generation of German fiction, it deals with the Nazi era. *Dog Years* is powerful, jumbled, symbol-cluttered, too long, exhausting. It drifts in and out of fantasy, scratches at memories as if they were swords too dangerous to grasp, and says nothing directly. The narrative follows, circles about, sniffs at, is diverted from, and returns to the careers of two friends, boys who were born in 1917 in a fishing village on the Baltic.

Eddie Amsel is fat, clever, half-Jewish. Walter Matern is lean, brooding, half-heartedly Aryan. Matern protects Amsel when other schoolboys mock his fatness or yell "sheeny." He cannot tell why he does this, nor why sometimes he squirms away from his obligation to protect and yells "sheeny" himself. The unbreakable and intolerable bond between the two friends—one not wholly a Jew or admirable, the other not wholly an Aryan or despicable—gives the book its symbolic structure.

Lost Teeth. Amsel's hobby is to make satirical scarecrows. To obtain some Nazi uniforms for his creations, he persuades Matern to join the Storm Troopers. Matern joins and then gets caught

up in the group spirit; he perversely leads a gang of troopers to Amsel's house, knocks out all his teeth and leaves him senseless.

Amsel survives, takes on another name and 32 gold teeth and lives through the war. Matern also survives, much diminished in spirit by his awareness of the guilt of other Germans. He becomes a fanatically vengeful de-Nazifier, whose method is to spread his own gonorrhea among the wives of men on his private list of war criminals. But two diseases cannot beget health, and this does not ease his soul. Can he himself be guilty of something? He is harassed by a dog who has begun to follow him like a conscience—a magnificent black German shepherd who once belonged to Hitler and who is, by significant chance, the grandson of a bitch Matern owned as a boy.

At last Matern is reunited with Amsel, who smiles at him in implacable friendship with his 32 gold teeth. The reader now becomes aware of increased and complicated cranking from the novel's symbolic machinery. Amsel, the suffering half-Jew, has grown rich by developing his childish scarecrows into elaborate mechanical puppets that are programmed to act out scenes of German guilt. They are much in demand among guilt-ridden Germans, and Amsel employs a large force of workers to build their elaborate machinery and package them in an abandoned potash mine. In a grotesque parody of that old literary device, the descent into hell, Amsel leads Matern and his black dog through his guilt factory. The black dog, who appears to embody both the bestial and the sturdily virtuous elements of the German nature, remains in Amsel's underworld as a Cerberus. But Matern is allowed to return to the surface and soap himself clean in what could be a mockery of the Jewish rites of forgiveness and absolution.

Lost Frenzy. Mockery is what Grass's enormously involved novel arrives at. Guilt becomes congested, swells, sours, demands release. But Grass allows no purgations; he refuses to accept the currency of remorse and the result is gross inflation.

Grass and such writers as Jakob Lind and Heinrich Böll have set up as hounds of hell for the German conscience. But what happens to hounds of hell who are also novelists who must produce fresh works? The moral truth of the German crime remains constant, but no literary frenzy can prevent endless restatements of that truth from losing their effectiveness. Three novels on the same theme do not constitute endless restatement, and *Dog Years*, although not so overpowering as *The Tin Drum*, has its own considerable power to shock. Still, the reader must wonder what Grass and his colleagues will find to say in succeeding books.

Trudge into History

THE SOURCE by James Michener. 909 pages. Random House. \$7.95.

The past is changing almost as rapidly as the present. In the past two decades modern archaeology has so drastically rewritten ancient history that the facts of yesterday are the errors of today. But who reads scholarly archaeological journals? Novelist James A. Michener, that's who. In this massive historical novel, Michener attempts to bring to new life the history of the long dead—and simultaneously to provide the interested but unscholarly reader with a course in Biblical history. He conscientiously talked with the leading diggers, visited the principal sites, swallowed the relevant literature whole. Unhappily, he has been unable to digest all his information. *The Source*, a laborious and interminable book that is the current Book of the Month Club choice, is at best an avalanche of unsorted facts and artifacts.

Burst of Poetry. As in *Hawaii*, a series of historical novellas are embedded in a meandering contemporary narrative. They run through 12,000 years and 909 pages and include disquisitions on mythology, theology, sociology, philosophy, ethics, political science and the history of religions. The contemporary narrative describes the excavation of Tell Makor, a fictitious mound in northwestern Israel. At each of 15 chronological levels, extending in time from 10,000 B.C. to A.D. 1948, the archaeologists make a significant discovery, and for each discovery the author produces an illustrative tale.

At Level XV (9834 B.C.), Makor was a six-family settlement of happy hunters dwelling in a cozy cave and rejoicing in their primal innocence. Ur, the twinkle-eyed patriarch, romped with the kiddies, celebrated his hunting prowess in ecstatic bursts of epic poetry. But Mrs. Ur wanted a better way of life, moved the family into a nice new house down near the well, got



MICHENER

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everybody started on farming, free enterprise, philosophy, house building, domestication of the wild dog, sickle manufacturing, and the long agony of getting along with God. All in the space of three years.

At Level XIII (1419 B.C.), Makor was a bustling Canaanite trading center. Out of the desert came a tribe of wandering Hebrews led by a leathery patriarch, Zadok. God had spoken to Zadok from a burning bush and told him to lead his people to a promised land. What happens is a straight steal from the *Book of Judges*.

At Level XI (605 B.C.), Makor was a broken-down little village where the only excitement was an occasional romp with the sacred prostitutes of Astarte—until the Babylonians came. Gomer, a self-righteous scold who must have seen proof sheets from the *Book of Jeremiah*, prophesied the fall of the city, the Babylonian captivity, and destruction of the conquerors.

And so it goes, all the way up to Level I (1948 A.D.), when Makor lay forgotten as Jews fought Arabs. The conservative rabbis fumed when Israeli insurgents broke the Sabbath to man the barricades. Ilana, an aggressive Israeli she-male, holds off Arab and rabbi alike; between sorties against enemy entrenchments, she launches a noisy diatribe against the rabbi's "ghetto mentality." To replace the religion of her fathers, she proclaims for the new state of Israel the gospel of progress.

Flood of Facts. There is the usual generous enmeshing of sex and sensation: Canaanite fertility rites, Roman butchery, Spanish torture and non-denominational rape. But again and again the story stalls. Again and again Author Michener, sweating but unstoppable, primes his imagination with a flood of facts. The book is punctuated with maps, charts, captions, drawings, diagrams, historical digressions and dates, dates, dates—even for events that never happened.

But author Michener's big-scope treatment is pious and platitudinous. His attitude is something worse. Blandly he moves in on a richly evolved spiritual tradition, drenches it with admiration and misunderstanding, glazes over anything unfavorable, and winds up converting the Chosen People into everybody's Good Neighbor Shem.

Fastest Gun in the Northeast

THE VIOLENT LAND by Jorge Amado. 336 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

Instead of cattle barons, there were the great landowners. Instead of the open range, there was the green forest that must be cut and cleared for cacao. But, otherwise, the U.S.'s West and Brazil's Northeast were much alike. Author Amado, 52, is himself a *nordestino*, and here he again celebrates his brawling frontier city of Ilhéus and its quick-witted, hard-driving people. His big, lusty novel turns on the long



AMADO
Assassins in the bushes.

land war between Colonel Horacio da Silveira, who is rumored to have sold his soul to the Devil, and the ferocious Badaró brothers, Juca and Sinhó. Neither Juca nor Colonel Horacio would dream of having a face-to-face showdown in Ilhéus' main street, but each knew that every tree, every clump of bushes, every dark alley might conceal an assassin.

Amado reads his characters in depth. There is no facile division into good guys and bad guys, and everyone's motives are mixed. The lawyer, Virgílio, who helps Horacio outwit the Badarós, also seduces Horacio's pretty wife. And spade-bearded Sinhó Badaró, who has arranged the killing of many men, still agonizes over each decision—in fact, his soul searching destroys the efficiency of his best gunman, Negro Damião. As in U.S. westerns, the land is the real hero, breeding men as luxurious, lavish and cruel as itself. Presumably spurred by the success of Amado's *Gabriela: Clove and Cinnamon* and *Home Is the Sailor*, Knopf has reissued *The Violent Land*, which was last published in the U.S. 20 years ago. It is worth reviving as one of the best of Amado's books, which have been published in 31 languages, ranging from Icelandic to Persian. Though he writes in a far more contemporary idiom, Amado is properly considered the Mark Twain of Brazil, and he shares Twain's passion for small-town manners and morals, for scoundrels and card sharps, and for the pomposity of backwoods society, and its pitiable efforts at a cultural life.

What's Good for You

LIQUOR: THE SERVANT OF MAN by Morris E. Chafetz. 236 pages. Little, Brown. \$4.95.

Alcohol is his study, and Author Morris Chafetz can speak with authority. As a doctor, psychiatrist, and currently director of the Alcohol Clinic at Massachusetts General Hospital, he has observed the whole range of human reactions to alcohol, from the fanatical teetotaler to the Skid Row bum. And after

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all the misery that he has seen resulting from the abuse of alcohol, Dr. Chafetz still proclaims that liquor, properly used, is indeed the friend of man.

Mask for Fatigue. It is almost impossible to have an intelligent discussion of liquor today, he complains, because too many people equate all drinking with drunkenness and all drunkenness with alcoholism. Some so-called experts say there is only a hairline between the social or moderate drinker and the alcoholic. "Don't believe it," Chafetz snaps. "A grand canyon separates them." No more than 5% of Americans are alcoholics or problem drinkers destined to become alcoholics, Chafetz believes. Accordingly, Chafetz devotes 95% of his book to the beneficial uses of liquor.

What are these beneficial uses? Most people who take a drink or two before dinner, and even many of those who take three or four at a noisy cocktail party, know some of the basic facts. Alcohol is a relaxant (it appears to act as a stimulant only because it masks fatigue); and because it relaxes first the "most civilized" functions of the brain, it tends to banish worry. It makes people more tolerant of each other's foibles. It loosens tongues, and may dissolve some legal and moral restraints. But Dr. Chafetz is chary of the widely held belief that men or women do unacceptable things merely because they are under the influence. "The virgin who succumbs because she drank too deeply," he says, "was tired of waiting before her first drink."

Also Food. Dr. Chafetz has no use for bluesones, legislators and judges who equate drinking with crime. He doubts that even fatal auto accidents involving drunken drivers are primarily the result of drinking; in most cases, he says, there is an underlying mental disturbance.

He is just as critical of his own profession. He regards as shameful the tendency to deny patients the relaxing and literally heart-warming effects of their accustomed drink. Equally shameful, he believes, is the average physician's refusal to use liquor as a medicine. It is, he asserts, not only the oldest of medicines but one of the most effective. It was the first and for long the only useful anesthetic. Alcohol is good in many cases of high blood pressure and heart disease, because it relieves the pain of angina and makes a low-salt diet more palatable. Because alcohol is the only drug that is also a food, Dr. Chafetz suggests that it might be given to some patients instead of intravenous feedings. Even in some diseases for which alcohol is supposed to be deadly, such as cirrhosis of the liver, Dr. Chafetz says the belief rests more on folklore than scientific fact.

Chafetz goes so far as to suggest that alcohol—in suitable dosage, of course—may be as good for children as for adults. He recommends abolishing age limits and allowing teen-agers to drink publicly, so as to get rid of furtiveness.

No doubt the heady spirit of Dr. Cha-



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fetz' book will be misrepresented and abused. But he puts himself squarely on record: "The person who drinks to get drunk is a fool and probably does not enjoy liquor anyway. He likely drinks for oblivion, with alcohol only the means to attain it." The civilized drinker stops far short of drunken oblivion.

The Gathering Norm

NIGHT OF CAMP DAVID by Fletcher Knebel. 336 pages. Harper & Row. \$4.95.

Having dissolved his bestselling co-authorship with Charles W. Bailey II (*Seven Days in May, Convention*), in this novel Author Knebel sets out alone into the well-trampled shrubbery of Washington. That way lies, literally, madness. President Mark Hollenbach, after three brilliant years in the White House, begins to develop some peculiar

DAVID GARR

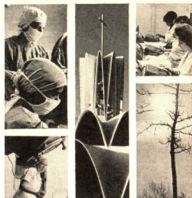


KNEBEL

Alone in the shrubbery.

ideas. Convinced that a mysterious "they" are out to get him, he wants to throw an F.B.I. wiretap on every single telephone conversation in the U.S., to be taped and stored in computers, so he can spot conspiracies against himself. He conceives of a grand union of the U.S. with Canada and Scandinavia, whose first President will be, of course, Hollenbach, who will then seize the rest of Europe by force.

In two weird night sessions at Camp David, the President discloses his grand design to his choice for running mate in the next election, Hero Jim MacVeagh, the junior Senator from Iowa. MacVeagh realizes the President is mad. Trouble is, in the light of day the President seems as normal as the next man, and thereby hangs MacVeagh's dilemma—and Knebel's tale. How to convince anybody else in official Washington of so horrendous a truth? As a Pentagon general remarks: "Nobody—but nobody—in this country can tell a President of the United States that his mind is sick." The result is melodrama at its best and worst: once begun, hard to put down; once finished, easily forgotten.



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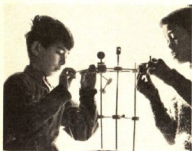


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